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HISTORIC EAST HAMPTON

LONG ISLAND

(New York)

THE CELEBRATION
OF ITS
TWO HUNDRED AND FIFTIETH
ANNIVERSARY

EDITED AND PUBLISHED BY

E. S. BOUGHTON

EAST HAMPTON

AUGUST TWENTY-FOURTH

1899

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*You are invited to attend the
Commemorative Exercises
on the
Two hundred and fiftieth Anniversary
of the settlement of the
Town of East Hampton :
to be held at
East Hampton, Long Island, New York
on Thursday, August the twenty-fourth
eighteen hundred and ninety-nine*

Executive Committee

B. W. Van Selye

Chairman

J. Edward Huntington

Secretary

John T. Stokes

J. Roger Lenoir

Charles Henry Butler

Henry T. Hedges

Joseph L. Osborne

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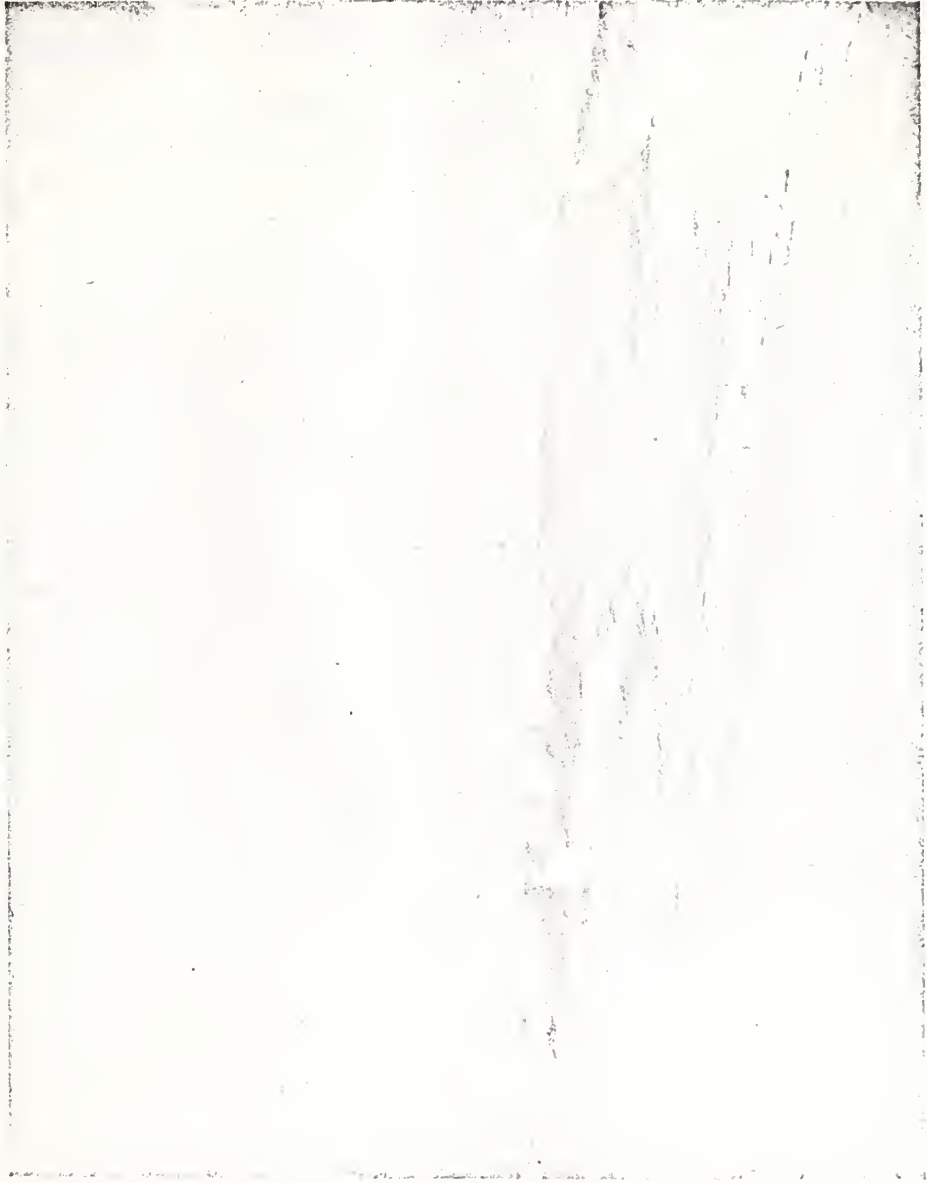


Photo by MICHIGAN

OLD OCEAN.

East Hampton's 250th Anniversary Celebration

FIFTY years had elapsed since the people of East Hampton celebrated the bi-centennial of their town. Of the hundreds of citizens who participated in that remarkable event only a handful remained on the scene when the summer of 1899 rolled around, and the patriotic descendants of the pioneers of the town felt it their duty to again commemorate the founding of East Hampton.

Two hundred and fifty years of recorded history is a legacy possessed by few other towns, and it was no easy task to arrange for a celebration that would correspond with the ideas and wishes of the heirs of such an inheritance. A new generation must take up the historic roll where their fathers left it fifty years before, and recount the noble deeds and exemplary traits of their ancestors. The moral stamina and upright character as portrayed by the first settlers of East Hampton must again be held up to the light of the rising generation. The good influences which have lived through two hundred and fifty years of a town's history must be brought to bear upon the youth of East Hampton of to-day.

The enterprising and patriotic people of the town set about the work with a will and with much good cheer. The many summer residents rendered valuable aid, all joined hearts and hands and the result was a memorable event in the history of the town.

From a patriotic point of view the celebration was an ideal one, not the first suggestion of a commercial nature entering into it. The merchants closed their places of business during the exercises, notwithstanding there were many strangers in town.

The committee wisely selected the Hon. Henry P. Hedges to deliver the historical address of the occasion. Other speakers invited to participate in the exercises were: Rev. T. DeWitt Talmage, D.D., of Washington; Rev. David H. Greer, D.D., of New York; Rev. John R. Paxton, D.D., of New York; Rev. James McLeod D.D., of Scranton, Pa.; Judge H. E. Howland, of New York; Judge Bradley, of Washington, D. C.; Charles Henry Butler, of New York; Rev. J. Jay Harrison, of Sag Harbor; Judge Wilmot M. Smith, of Patchogue; William H. Baldwin, Jr., of New York; and Ex-Senator C. H. Adams, of New York. Messrs. Howland, Harrison, Bradley, Adams and Smith sent letters of regret. The others were heard with pleasure by the assemblage.

The exercises began on Wednesday evening, August 23d, in the Presbyterian Church, when Hon. Henry P. Hedges, of Bridgehampton, delivered the historical address. The church was well filled, and the remarkable discourse, covering the history of the town from its birth, was listened to with deep interest and evident pleasure. The speaker was happily introduced by Hon. T. D. Dimon, of Amagansett.

Thursday morning dawned with heavy skies and rain-laden atmosphere. The only unfavorable result of the unpropitious opening of the day was the non-attendance of many out-of-town people. The preparations went on just as if the sun shone, and before the day was half spent it did shine forth in all its glory, brightening the dainty colors of the decorations as well as the hearts of the people.

HISTORICAL ADDRESS

—BY—

HON. H. P. HEDGES.

HISTORY has recorded, eloquence has described, poetry has exalted, art has emblazoned the sterling virtues of the Puritan. Their landing in the desolation of winter is a story oft told and ever remembered, when

“The breaking waves dashed high
On a stern and rock-bound coast,
And the woods against a stormy sky
Their giant branches tost.”

It is a field in which it is thought the last sheaf has been bound and the fullest harvest gathered, where even the gleaners have searched for the ears which eluded the reaper's sickle, where your speaker, amid the toils of an arduous profession, wrought in the bi-centennial celebration in 1849 and at intervals since then, and by your invitation on this memorable occasion. For this invitation, for your lifelong friendship, I return sincere thanks.

The history of East Hampton is a subject worthy of the grandest effort and full of the loftiest inspiration. Who that has drank deep at that fountain has not found his theme expanding as time progressed, dilating as study opened up new and more charming views, larger and more moving thought. The theme exhausted? No! While literature endures, while liberty survives, while morality lasts, while piety bears its immortal fruits, while gratitude is fragrant with sweet and

sacred memories, the name, the fame of the Puritan shall be radiant with light and enduring renown; undimmed by age, its star shall brightly shine.

“Watchman, will its beams alone
Gild the spot that gave them birth?
Traveler, ages are its own,
See, it bursts o'er all the earth.”

Let the sons of East Hampton recall the history of their forefathers, their manly courage,

their unyielding independence, their obedience to law, their enforcement of order, their devotion to education, their regard for humanity, and they will breathe an air too pure to nourish vice, too lofty to submit to degradation, and be fired with an ambition greater than human glory and a covetousness grander than of gain.

When was the town of East Hampton settled? This question, historically not insignificant, has received little consideration. If the settlement of one individual or family is regarded as the settlement of the town, then

East Hampton is the oldest English settled town on Long Island. The first practicing lawyer in New England, Thos. Lechford, kept a note book of his work from June, 1638 to July 29, 1641. In that book is a record of the deed of Pommanoc Sachem and his wife, of the island called Manchonat to Lion Gardiner, commander of the fort called Saybrook fort,



HON. HENRY P. HEDGES.

dated May 3d, 1639. This deed of Gardiner's Island antedates all Indian deeds relating to Eastern Long Island. By deed, dated old style, March 10th, 1639, new style, 1640, James Farrett, agent for the Earl of Stirling, conveyed the same island to Gardiner "which he hath now in possession, which island hath been purchased before my coming, from the ancient inhabitants, the Indians."

Thus, in March, 1640, Farrett records the fact that Gardiner is "in possession." This antedates all other known English possessions in or near Eastern Long Island, and accords with the undisputed tradition that Gardiner's Island was the first English settlement in the State of New York. Since the island lies within the bounds of East Hampton it follows that with more than the shadow of argument that town may claim precedence as the first town settled by Englishmen in this State. The learned historian of Southold arguing priority for that town on the ground of prior individual occupation thereby argues from a fact that would give priority to East Hampton as a town first settled, and defeat the very claim he makes that Southold was the first settled town in the county.

If the question of the settlement of Gardiner's Island be decided it may be claimed that that of the town is still undecided and still recurs: When was East Hampton settled?

The copper vane surmounting the old church showed conspicuously two dates, 1649, 1717. By uniform tradition the first was that of the settlement of the town, the second that of the building of the church. It may seem a crime akin to sacrilege to question the accuracy of the former date. If, with veneration, for a century and a half, five generations have looked up and accepted this date as a verity, who dare doubt, or deny, or challenge its accuracy? But history admits nothing but truth. Tradition, hearsay, conjecture, subjected to her severe scrutiny are often found erroneous. The student of history owes unswerving allegiance to truth; as a sworn witness he must "tell the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth."

This audience will remember the deed from the Indians covering East Hampton to Montauk Highlands given to Theophilus Eaton, governor of the colony of New Haven, and Edward Hopkins, governor of the colony of Connecticut and their associates, was dated April 29, 1648, although Hopkins' assignment thereof to the people of East Hampton was dated April 16, 1651. It is shown by the town records that the people had long waited and long urged as their right the delivery of this assignment which recites that 30 pounds, 4 shillings, and 8 pence was advanced by him to Thomas Stanton and others who made the purchase and was repaid by the inhabitants of East Hampton. As a matter of fact settlement generally preceded purchase of the Indians and did so in the towns of Southampton and Southold and probably in this town. In the deed to the governors "their associates" are parties. It is a fair inference that these associates who advanced money for the purchase of the town intended settlement and did soon remove there, probably in 1648, if not before. They would not leave their money long invested without using the land it had purchased.

Preparatory to the settlement of the main body of emigrants, a pioneer party would prepare log cabins as temporary shelter and secure a stock of provisions for sustenance. This was the case both in Southampton and Southold. The wives and children of the emigrants required shelter from the pitiless storms. Common humanity demanded that an advance company of pioneers should construct shelter, plant corn and prepare for the reception of the main body of emigrants. All parties admit a settlement of this main body in 1649. But if that was preceded by a preparing party in 1648, that year is the correct date. If we can find corroborative traditionary or other evidence therefor, although slight, it would go far to establish the fact. Such confirming tradition exists and strangely enough has been overlooked. In 1806 Lyman Beecher, then minister in East Hampton, had, as cotemporaries and associates, many remarkably shining lights, not

the least of whom, as a congenial companion, was John Lyon Gardiner, noted as an antiquarian and literary man, studious, cultured, correct. He gave to Beecher from his treasured historic stores the fruits of research, of tradition and legend, which were transferred to his historical sermon, delivered January 1st, 1806. On page seven of that sermon the writer says: "One of the natives of Montauk who died about fifty years ago, aged it was supposed an hundred years, and who if she did not herself recollect the first settlement of the town, must have lived so near that period as to have received correct information, used to relate to persons now living the following anecdote, viz.: "That six families first planted themselves at the south end of the town; that they were discovered by some Indians that were on a hunting party; that the chief warrior applied to the Sachem living then at Three Mile Harbor for leave to cut them off; that the Indians who made the discovery were called in and interrogated. Did they invite you into their houses? They did. Did they give you to eat? They did. Did you experience any harm from what you ate, did it poison you? It did not. The reply of the Sachem, turning to his warriors, was: 'You shall not cut them off.'" Indian history was perpetuated by tradition and their aged women were their select repositories. Their traditions were remarkably reliable and this accords with known facts and is inconsistent with none. It accords with the list of first purchasers, given in the same sermon, viz.: "John Hand, Sr., John Stretton, Sr., Thomas Talmage, Jr., Robert Bond, Daniel Howe, Robert Rose, Thomas Thompson, Joshua Barnes, John Mulford."* Unless new negative testimony appears it would seem as if we must fix the settlement in 1648, and antiquarians have for many years so thought. Recompence Sherrill, deacon, died in 1836, aged 98 years; Eleazor Miller died in 1788, aged 91 years; Stephen Hedges died in 1737, lacking not quite six months of one hundred years. The last named must have remembered the facts of the settlement. The second must have known them from him. The first was

nearly threescore years old at the time of Beecher's sermon and in frequent and friendly conversation with him. If the tradition of the whites as to the settlement contradicted that of the Indians it must have been known and declared. So far as is known the white men do not contradict the red men. The Colonial records of Connecticut show that East Hampton was accepted under their combination, November, 1649. It must have then been an organized town with a settlement anterior. Historians differ in dates. Wood dates the settlement of towns from "purchase of the natives;" Prime dates from "their organization in civil or ecclesiastical government." The date on the old church vane may be according to Prime's standard and yet later than that of the pioneer settlement.

* Capt. Daniel Howe probably did not reside here then and perhaps two other purchasers may not have been there then, leaving but six families as above.

THE CONSIDERATION FOR INDIAN LAND.

The fair name of the Puritans has been bitterly assailed by their foes, because the price paid for the Indian's land seemed so inadequately small. They assert that the piety of the Puritan, his assumed regard for the conversion of the Indians, his philanthropic professions, did not prevent his taking advantage in buying his land. With the sneer of contempt, with the finger of scorn, with exultant triumph, their foes point to the consideration paid for the town purchase. Twenty coats, twenty-four looking glasses, twenty-four hoes, twenty-four hatchets, twenty-four knives, one hundred muxes, a kind of awl for making wampum, as a bargain bearing on its face a base fraud, and in itself a transparent cheat: substantially the same charge is made against all like transactions and purchases, whether made by individuals as Lion Gardiner or by associations as founders of towns. Remember war, pestilence, disease, intemperance had so decimated the Indian tribes that they occupied from four to ten times the land required

for their sustenance even in their wild state. The consideration then paid was equivalent to forty times its value now. If the Indians had given to the whites three-fourths of their land for occupancy and culture, the remaining fourth thereby would rise in value exceeding that of the whole. In our day Government has given alternate sections for railway construction. It has donated homesteads to actual settlers. It has fixed a nominal price on the public lands, and its policy is a vindication of the conduct and character of our forefathers on this question. In after years in the acquisition of Montauk the whites paid to the Indians hundreds of pounds, which rise of value due to their settlement thrice repaid the Indians for any lack of consideration in the original purchase. A wilderness, wild, neglected, forlorn, must not be measured by its value redeemed, cultivated, developed. The shallow thought that with no reflection condemns our fathers, with it must exonerate them from over-reaching. "Seek other cause 'gainst Roderick Dhu." On the records of the town some evidence confirming this conclusion appears. Daniel How, master of the vessel that brought the emigrants to Southampton in 1640, was a purchaser of the town of East Hampton, and owned a house there which, with all his rights in the purchased territory he conveyed to Thomas Baker by deed dated May 10, 1650, for twenty pounds. It is probable that this was the most commodious and valuable house in town. In November, 1651, the town meeting voted to pay Mr. Baker "eighteen pence for every Lord's day that the meeting shall be at his house." If after the settlement and erection of houses and organization of government in church and State the best house in town and a share in its unallotted lands sold for so little the whole unimproved territory must have had a small market value. In the assignment of the Indian deed from Edward Hopkins dated April 16, 1651, the consideration was named at £30, 4s., 8d. In view of the fact that Manhattan Island was purchased for bangles estimated at \$24 in value, not one-third the amount paid for East Hampton, excluding

Montauk, it ill becomes the citizens of the metropolis of this continent to condemn our forefathers in their purchase.

MIANTONIMOH.

In Scribner's History of the United States, Vol. II., p. 92, is recorded a speech of Miantonimoh, the great sachem of the Narragansetts, reputed to have been made to Indian tribes from Massachusetts to Long Island, designed to unite them in a league for the destruction of the whites, wherein he said: "We are all Indians, as they are all English, so must we be one as they are one, otherwise we shall be all gone shortly. For you know our fathers had plenty of deer and skins, our plains were full of deer, as also our woods, and of turkeys, and our coves full of fish and fowl. But these English have gotten our land. They with scythes cut down the grass and with axes fell the trees. Their cows and horses eat the grass, and their hogs spoil our clam banks and we shall all be starved. Therefore it is best for you to do as we, for we are all the sachems from East to West, both Mognakues and Mohawks, joining with us, and we are all resolved to fall upon them at an appointed day. And when you see the three fires that will be made forty days hence in a clear night, then do as we and the next day fall on and kill men, women and children, but no cows, for they will save to eat till our deer be increased again." This bit of Indian eloquence, which seems to have been the prototype of many Indian speeches since, was probably never made by Miantonimoh, but put into his mouth by some clever savage to work him harm. Capt. Gardiner, nevertheless, believed it to be his, and reported an intended massacre of the English to Mr. Haynes at Hartford and Mr. Eaton at New Haven. Massachusetts was appealed to for aid, and the sachem was summoned to Boston to answer the accusation. The only evidence against him was the hearsay testimony of his enemies. This evidence, though accepted at Hartford, New Haven and Plymouth, was not believed by the Massa-

chusetts magistrates. It may be thought presumptuous in the writer to question the authority of a history vouched for by the great name of William Cullen Bryant, yet I more than question, I deny, the correctness of the history and the conclusion of the authorities of the colony of Massachusetts, and for these reasons: This speech of Miantonimoh was reported by Wyandance direct to Gardiner as stated in the chronicles of East Hampton, published by the New York Historical Society. In addition, as there stated, the Narragansett sachem said: "I have come secretly to you because you can persuade the Indians and sachems of Long Island what you will. Brothers, I will send over fifty Indians to Block Island and thirty from there to you, and take an hundred of Southampton Indians with one hundred of your own here," etc. Thus we see Miantonimoh as reported by Wyandance had arranged the minutest details of a plan for a union of all the Indians on Long Island to destroy the English, and had promised aid and fixed the number of men to be furnished from his own tribe. These minutiae omitted in the history as if designed to discredit the charge against Miantonimoh, and destroy the credibility of his reputed speech, seems like a device unworthy of a historian. The Manhansett and Shinnecock tribes in 1642, the precise time, although not positively committed to this policy by hostile acts were so far unfriendly as to be easily persuaded into a confederacy to destroy the whites.* Gardiner was a witness on the spot, and knew the Indian language and tactics. Wyandance was his friend and the friend of the whites, as true as steel. Both were well known in New Haven, Hartford and Plymouth, and there believed. If Massachusetts, more remote from the place, knowing less of the men concerned and less of the facts, disbelieved, yet the proof satisfactory to the three nearer colonies, should be accepted by history, although she dissented. It is too late to question the intelligence, the veracity, the character of Wyandance or Gardiner. Their fair name and fame will go down together to the remotest time. They have stood the test of

centuries. They will wear the unfading garlands of immortality.

*The four sachems of Shinnecock, Shelter Island, Montauk and Corchaug in May, 1645, were ready for war in the interest of the Dutch and in 1647, against the Dutch. (See Col. Hist. of N. Y., vol. xiv., p. 60, and vol. ix, p. 18, etc. See address of H. P. Hedges at 5th semi centennial of the town of Southampton, noted at the end by Wm. H. Tooker).

TRAITS OF PIONEERS.

The first settlers of East Hampton were men of enterprise, courage, self-reliance, industry, perseverance, self-denial. Founders of colonies require these strong traits of character. From their earliest records we read that they established a school, thereby proving that they cherished education. That they were pious men is shown by their instituting a church, erecting a meeting-house and settling and supporting a minister. Their whole history attests their courage and self-denial. Their works attest their industry and perseverance. Indolence is always a sin condemned by the judgment of mankind, by the test of experience, by the word of Revelation, by the example of our ancestors. Hard work was their lot generation after generation. Health, strength, prosperity were results. Their intense hatred of idleness may be aptly condensed in the Spanish proverb, "While the devil tempts other men the idle man tempts the devil." As an inheritance to their descendants they transmitted the safeguards of industry. More wonderful, still, they organized and perpetuated popular government. I say more wonderful because other races have established colonies, have extended territorial greatness, enlarged their conquests and failed to exercise the cohesive organizing power that welds individuals into harmonious and enduring communities and nations. When East Hampton was born it was born a town, having within itself all the elements of an organized community. The colonies of the Latin or French and Spanish race were consolidated and kept in being by power and prestige from without, by the

despotism of the sword. Witness South America from the Isthmus to Cape Horn. Witness the colonies of France from Quebec to New Orleans. The Anglo-Saxon colonies inspired with memories of Magna Charta, contained within themselves the living, binding, organizing power out of which union, consolidation, government was evolved as by a law of their being. From its earliest day to the present in East Hampton the town meeting was a power before which dissent, discord, disorganization disappeared. The resistance of the individual was overcome by the united momentum of the mass. The town meeting was the acorn from which grew the compactness of the State and the magnitude of the nation. The phalanx of the Greeks overcame the loose martial array of the Asiatic races. The consolidated power of compact, Anglo-Saxon organization prevailed over lack of cohesion in the Latin races.

ARCHITECTURE.

Pioneer life admits small space for ornamental arts. The useful demands too much for culture of the beautiful. In the chronicles of East Hampton allusion is made to the dwellings which succeeded the first rude huts of the settlers. It is there stated: "They were built after the same fashion as those in New England. Their outward form and architecture much resembled the salt box which hung in the kitchen of every house, and which was humorously said to have formed the model of the builders throughout New England," etc., and to be borrowed from the style of those in the Netherlands. These dwellings, two-story in front on the south and one story in the rear, were often by addition made, in after years, a double house. After the Revolution the double, two-story dwelling was the prevailing style. After 1835 the single house, end and front to the street, with two stories, was the fashion. Thus the age of a dwelling may be very nearly decided by its form, its finish, its windows, which all the while grew larger in number and size.

THE PURITAN LIFE.

Sometimes in pleasantry, oftener in animosity, the precision, the sternness, the intolerance, the devotion of the Puritan life have been criticised adversely. It has been said by their descendants thoughtlessly, by their adversaries deliberately, that admitting their merits "I would not like to live with them." Much less would these critics of the Puritan desire to live with his cotemporary adversaries, with their laxity of morals, their intolerance of legitimate restraint, their devotion to the divine right of kings, their exclusion of popular rights, their limited sphere of conscience in worship, their oppressive system of tithes and low standard of ministerial duty and life. Association with them would not elevate or emancipate. Non-conformity in England to-day bears the yoke of ecclesiastic and governmental oppression. Puritanism to-day in this fair land has borne the beneficent fruit of universal disenthralment. "I would not like to live with the Puritan" may be true. But it is true not because they were more intolerant, more indolent, more ignorant, more immoral than their cotemporaries. It is true because human progress has made this age the grandest for human life of all the ages; because the advancement in science, in arts, in literature, in morals, in ministration to human comfort and happiness have made this age transcendent in all the elements of enjoyment, far, far beyond all past eras of the historic world. I go back in memory to the scythe and sickle, to the fire on the hearth, and "the old oaken bucket," to the whizz of the wheel and the thump of the loom, to the tallow dip and the tinder box, to the flail and the riddle, to the crackle and swingle and hatchel, to the flint-lock King's arm, to the smooth-bore cannon, to the slow-sailing packet, to the lumbering mail stage, to the days when no fires warmed the church, no coal warmed dwellings, no gas lighted houses, no steamships traversed oceans, no telegraphs encircled the earth, no anæsthetic allayed pain, no inoculation warded off death. To those days neither the friends nor foes of the Puritans

would go back. Heirs of the past, enlightened by its experience, enlarged by its contributions, emancipated from its burdens, unconfined by its limitations—no one would willingly sink the joyous life of this for the dimness of the past age.

THE STANDPOINT FOR A VIEW.

The judgment of any age should be from the standpoint, not of this, but of that age. It is most incorrect and unjust to view and declare from the elevation of this age the depression, the intolerance, the grossness of the times of the Puritans. In Presbyterian Scotland cockfighting was practiced as late as 1790, (vid. Chambers Book of Days, vol. i, page 238). In Episcopal England bear-baiting and bull-fighting were practiced as late as 1802, and were not abolished until 1835. Within a century an appointed paid official waked the church sleepers. Attendance on church was compulsory. Neglect to attend was by law finable so late as the ninth and tenth years of the reign of Queen Victoria, when compulsion was abolished. Serfdom survived in England until 1660, and in Scotland until the reign of George Third. It is with ill grace that the voice of England or Scotland or their adherents utters condemnation of the narrowness of the Puritan. "Why beholdest thou the mote that is in thy brother's eye, but considerest not the beam that is in thine own eye?"

THE MINISTER.

In the colonial life the minister was the religious and political instructor of the people; often the referee to settle their differences, and a medical practitioner and adviser, held by them in reverence and affection now almost unknown. Their life was hard, narrow, uneventful, secluded. He came a friend, a traveler, a newspaper, an inspirer of thought. His prayers, like Jacob's ladder, began on earth, ended in heaven. His sermons, like links of logic, formed a chain in a demonstration followed by his hearers with an intelligent delight

wherein time was not wasted but wanted by the hour. If he dwelt with emphasis, now unknown, on the sovereignty of God, and gave small place for His love and mercy, it was a phase of teaching as effectual then, as now it would be vain. That was an age when wilfulness required unconditional submission; this when the sunlight of Divine benignity charms and wins the soul as never before.

THE HALF-WAY COVENANT.

The civil government of New Haven and Massachusetts derived power from the Church. From the Church the State was born. Church members only could vote and they only were qualified for official position. Hence the pressure to enter the church as an avenue to the right of suffrage and of official station. Strange that the door of the church was the door for ambition to worldly preferment, and alliance with the church was the way for alliance with the world. Hence a pressure to enter the church and hence a lowering of the standard of membership to let in the office seeker. Out of this state of affairs grew a limited church membership which required the candidate to profess belief in God, in the divinity of Jesus, in the sacred Scriptures and a promise "to train his children in the nurture and admonition of the Lord." Then without profession or claim of a divine renewing the candidate was entitled to the sacraments of the church for his children, including baptism, and thereby became a qualified elector entitled to vote and hold office. The church records of Minister Huntington show that this modified form of church membership had traveled from other colonies to this town, and was practiced here and known as "The Half-way Covenant." While it is true that this town did not require church membership as a prerequisite to vote or hold office, it is equally true that this modified church membership here prevailed and trouble grew out of it. In the "great awakening" that wrought a spiritual revolution in New England, the "New Lights" denounced, and their conservative adversaries upheld, the half-way

covenant. Over this question the fire of theologic wrath flamed and burned. Whitfield, Davenport, Edwards, Brainard thundered against this, to them, corrupt practice. For this the people of Northampton drove Jonathan Edwards from the pulpit. Mankind has been from earliest ages divided into advocates of experiment or experience, conservatism or progress, new ways or old ways, "New Lights" or "old lights." These men were the men of progress, the "new lights" of their day.

who watched over him in failing health for months in her father's house, was at his deathbed, and within four months thereafter departed this life. (See life of David T. Stoddard by Joseph P. Thompson, page 9. Note: Brainard died Oct. 9, 1747. His tombstone is in Northampton and will speak forever). Why was the eloquent, the learned, the brilliant Samuel Buell called to minister here? Why was Jonathan Edwards of world-wide fame invited to preach his ordination sermon? You



MAIN STREET, EAST HAMPTON.

In the latter days of Minister Huntting, so gentle, so scholarly, so devout, so faithful, so beloved of his church, there gathered a cloud which biographers have not dispelled. Of the years when he laid down his ministry, and after that his life, the record is silent. Why? Why was the sainted Brainard importuned to fill the pulpit and thrice invited to become the pastor? He sympathized with Jonathan Edwards, was affianced to his youngest daughter,

may ask these questions. History will ask them and find the answer. These men and this church repudiated the "half-way covenant," which Minister Huntting, an "old light," sustained. A monition to the old that sometimes we may err and that it is not always the young who are in the wrong. May the sweet grace of humility last in the garland of graces, and forever be ours to exhibit and enjoy.

LANDS READILY TRANSFERRED.

In England burdensome restrictions hindered the transfer of lands. The policy there favored perpetuity of possession and the upbuilding of a landed aristocracy. The forms of conveyance were technical, verbose and cumbrous. With marvelous celerity all this mass of lumbering formality brought here by the fathers was consigned to the oblivion where it belonged. With strong common sense they stripped conveyance of its useless jargon, and retaining the wisest rules, disposed of their lands in the simplest way. By vote in the town meeting they disposed of lands and the vote with them had the force of a deed duly signed, sealed and delivered, and was deemed to convey title unquestioned and unquestionable. In Connecticut by law the vote of town meeting conveying lands was legalized, and confirmed to pass title. Anciently it probably would be so interpreted and construed here. Whether it is so now with all the five half centuries of free institutions, is more than doubtful.

LANDS DEDICATED.

If a land owner maps out a street or public park, and exhibits such a map to the proper authorities of an organized community, with the declaration that he dedicates forever such street or public park, designated by monuments and bounds, and such authorities accept the same for the use and purpose stated, then, without deed, without other writing or act, instantaneously, with the rapidity of lightning title vests in the public, and the dedication is complete and binding on all the parties as an act irrevocable. By such a method of conveyance, so simple, so open, so truly American, the town meeting voted and dedicated to the public, highways, streets, burial grounds, church sites, squares and school-house lots. Thus, by like vote thousands of acres of land were allotted in severalty to the proprietors thereof. Thus by like title this beautiful Main street, unsurpassed among the Hamptons, spacious, neat, graceful, picturesque, the crown and glory of the town, was dedicated by the fathers to the

public, an enduring monument of their perception of the beautiful.

CHARLES I.

Charles I., of England, was a tyrant, deceitful, perfidious, aggrandizing all power in the prerogatives of the Crown, and crushing the liberties of the people guaranteed by the British Constitution. France paid him money wherewith to betray and enslave the people he governed. His son, Charles II., added to the vices of his father a shameless licentiousness that made his court the most dissolute and immoral England had known. Charles Barnes, an early settler in East Hampton, was its first schoolmaster. Let us see when we find another Charles. The tax list of East Hampton in 1675 has 42 names and in 1683, 70. The deed for Montauk in 1687, has 35. The equalization of three Montauk purchases in 1748 has 127. The general association to stand by the Continental Congress was signed by every man in East Hampton capable of bearing arms in 1775 and in numbers 260. In all there are names summed up 534, covering over a century and the name of Charles never appears. If evidence was wanted to show how our ancestors prized freedom and detested tyranny what could be more conclusive than this avoidance of even the tyrant's name on their records age after age.

IN THE REVOLUTION.

East Hampton, in the patriotism of her townsmen, in the unity of her people, in the devotion of her sons, is surpassed by no town in the county or State. Her seven years' subjection to hostile arms after the Battle of Long Island, the banishment of her bravest sons, the pillage of her harvest by friend and foe, derided by the British conqueror in his exultation, despised by Americans for being conquered, her condition was sad and forlorn. The bitter cup of poverty, of subjection, of oppression, of bondage was hers to drain to the dregs. With rare fidelity, with the intuition of literary genius, with imagination true to reality, with romance based on fact, Miss Mary B.

Sleight, in the book entitled "An Island Heroine," has delineated the unyielding, unsubdued, incorruptible devotion of the sons of East Hampton to the cause of Independence and the freedom of the thirteen colonies of British North America. The descendants of Revolutionary sires elsewhere organized are nowhere more universal than in East Hampton.

HUNTTING MILLER.

I remember an evening sixty-eight years ago in the east room of the dwelling then owned by my father, now the home of John H. Mulford, son of Samuel G. Hunting Miller was visiting my father, and both were born subjects of King George III. Miller was over seventy-five years of age, of a ruddy countenance, with long hair white as snow, a ready talker, a genial companion, repository of a vast fund of legend and tradition. Dressed in his blue surtout, marching up the north aisle of the old church he seemed a venerable relic of a generation long gone by. I see him now as I saw him then, intensely alive, practical, just, in patriotism ardent, in righteousness a Gibraltar. He spoke of the sufferings of this old town in the war of the Revolution, of the British soldiers quartered on our citizens, of their lawless depredations, their unprovoked abuse, their wanton insults, their vulgar insolence, their assault on Captain John Dayton, the historic incident on Pudding Hill, the inhumanity of the ruffian Major Cochran, the great care taken by the British to suppress news of the battles of Bennington and Saratoga. Animated with the theme the old man acted his part to the life. The stage may simulate nature, but no feigned character can equal the living reality of his narration of memorable events, and when he told of the vain attempt of the British to conceal the triumph of American arms his exultation knew no bounds. The glad news could not be suppressed. In that night of deepest darkness the day-star of victory illuminated the gloom of despondency and despair. To hear Hunting Miller describe the effect of the news from Saratoga and tell how in low, suppressed, accents

the citizens of East Hampton spoke one to another, "Burgoyne is taken! Burgoyne is taken!" was to hear that which in thrilling interest, in magnitude of extent, in enduring results to the nation and to humanity, no narration of Homer, of Euripides, of Shakespeare can exceed. The genius of American patriotism, the memory of undying self-denial, the magnanimity of immeasurable love of freedom dilated and filled and fired the soul of this old resident and typical citizen of East Hampton and eye witness of the Revolution, with power beyond expression. May his devotion to his country be forgotten.

"Be thy virtues with the living
And thy spirit ours."

On this same memorable evening my father asked, "How old is this house?" Hunting Miller said, "My father told me this house was at least seventy-five years old when he first knew it and that must have been seventy-five years ago," to which add the sixty-eight last years and we find its age over two centuries.

THE OLD HOUSE

was probably the home of Josiah Hobart, high sheriff of Suffolk county, and soon after passed into the Mulford family, and was, in the Revolution, the home of Col. David Mulford, a near neighbor of Dr. Buel and often named by the author of the "Island Heroine" in that romance. The Rev. Ebenezer Phillips owned and occupied it during his ministry. It was for twelve years my father's home. And now in the course of human events it is again inhabited by John H. Mulford, a house-holder of the same family name as in ante-revolutionary days. Over its threshold haughty sachems have marched, within its rooms the officials of King George have feasted. It has witnessed festal joys and echoed with bitter laments. Within it high hopes have been nurtured. Blighted and blasted they have gone out in darkness. Aspirations have been cherished sometimes to become realities, sometimes to vanish. Within its walls seven generations have been born, seven generations of the dead

have thence been borne. There pallid lips and faltering tongues have whispered, as in our extremity we may do:

"O Thou that for our sins did take
A human form and humbly make
Thy home on earth.

How boundless is history. In its study, "Hills o'er hills and Alps o'er Alps arise." In miniature that house has a history of the centuries it has lasted, the occupants it has sheltered, the visitors it has entertained, the events it has witnessed. If the history of one



HOME OF JOHN H. MULFORD: ONE OF THE OLDEST HOUSES IN EAST HAMPTON.

Thou that to Thy Divinity
A human nature didst ally
By mortal birth;
And in that form didst suffer here
Torment and agony and fear,
So patiently;
By Thy redeeming grace alone
And not for merits of my own
O, pardon me!"

house, one family name, is of such transcendent interest, how much more that of an old town colonized within less than a generation after the Pilgrims struck Plymouth Rock? Colonized by those, some of whom must have been familiar with the emigrants in the Mayflower. Thus the legends, the traditions, the history, the spirit of the first Pilgrims at Plymouth flowed on in continuous stream to our

day and time. Venerable, delightful, dear East Hampton, identified with the early and later history of the nation, with its colonial life, with its Indian wars, with its aspirations for freedom, with its sufferings in the good cause, with its revolutionary agony, with its organic constitution, with its restored Union: her history is in part the career, the life, the history of this great nation. Let us aim to do nothing to sully the fair fame, the good name, the rich inheritance of our native town and native land.

I read of the majestic march of the Roman armies, of the returning movement of that vast horde that stormed and sacked imperial Rome, of the momentum of the Tartar host, of the swelling tide of Turks that surged over eastern Europe and threatened to overwhelm the continent. Vast as were these movements, terrific as was the shock of armies, perilous as was their influence on the destiny of nations, in magnitude of result, in sublimity of movement, in its effect on the destiny of mankind, the march from the early settlements on the Atlantic shore to the shore of the Pacific is indescribably more beneficent and grand. The movers cut down the forests of a continent in their march, built vast cities, navigated rivers whose currents flow over thousands of miles, and lakes that are inland seas. They carry commerce and learning and the arts and Christianity with them. Colleges rise on the sites of a wilderness, church spires point heavenward. Humanity owes its debt of gratitude to these pioneers of industry, of education, of morals. A continent is redeemed, a confederation of the states is consolidated, a nation is born. In this march across the continent, in this beneficent mission to mankind, in this emancipation of a continent let us exult that our dear old East Hampton bore no ignoble part.

COMMERCIAL INFLUENCE.

Commercial influence somewhat affected East Hampton from its earliest days. Its era of meridian brightness may be dated from 1815 to 1850. The splendor of the achievements of

Commodore Porter and Stephen Decatur, the undying courage of the heroic Lawrence gave to their great names a lustre that prompted parents to perpetuate their memory by like christening their sons. When J. Fenimore Cooper wrote the "Water Witch," with appropriate fitness he located her mysterious and wonderful commander as a native born and bred in East Hampton. When he set forth the "Sea Lions," he made Harry Gardiner her adventurous and hardy commander and she sailed out of Gardiner's bay. In my early days the language of common life largely borrowed its metaphors and expressions from the sea. We did not walk, we "drifted along;" we did not rise, we "turned out;" we did not retire, we "turned in;" we did not interview a person, we "hailed him," or "spoke him;" we did not converse, we "had a gam;" we did not relate an anecdote, we "spun a yarn;" we made no memorandum, we "made a log;" we did not run, we "scud;" we were not sick but "under the weather;" we did not get well, but "got on even keel;" we did not ride towards a place, we "steered" for it; we called Northerners "Levanter" and one's vehicle his "rig."

DEATH!

To the young the lessons of decay and death speak with a sound faint and afar off. To the old the roar of that ocean we shall sail so soon, grows more audible and nearer. The doom of two hundred generations gone casts its dark shade before our advancing steps. The few living contemporaries of our youth and early manhood admonish us of the brevity of human life. The majestic voice of the fathers of East Hampton calls from on high, "Come!" The sweet spirits of our mothers in the far-off Land say "Come!" The living, enduring Word enlightens the doubt and darkness that hangs over our pathway and says, "Come!" The Grand Architect of the Universe, who sent the circling worlds from his Almighty hand, whose law suns and stars obey, before whose power nothing is too vast, in whose notice nothing too minute, "who knoweth our



frame and remembereth that we are dust," ever his resistless call rings from the o'er arching Heavens, "Come!" Admonished of our frailty, our weakness, our mortality, reminded of our intimate relation to the generations gone and those yet to come, not forgetting our obligations to the one, or our duties to the other, let us so live that the summons to us to look our last on earth, our first on the new, enduring life, shall find us so doing without remorse, without regret, without despair, in the sweet hope of the Father's outstretched hand and welcoming smile.

THE ATTRACTIONS OF EAST HAMPTON

to the early settlers were not few. The bounding deer ranged in her forest; myriads of wild fowl hovered in her air; her waters and shores abounded in clams and oysters; fish swarmed in her lakes and bays. Much of her land was meadow ready for the scythe. A large portion was fertile and responsive to culture. In the calm the scenery ministered to the sentiment of the beautiful, in the storm to the sublime. The mighty leviathan of the ocean was a prize alluring and remunerative. In other localities subsisted the straggling tribes of Indians, but in numbers none equalled the Montauks. If the savage with his bow and arrow could subsist much more the civilized man with superior arms could live. The convenience of harbors and waterways as facilities for travel invited commerce. The landscape was lovely, the air pure as ocean and bracing as ever blew, the climate genial. These attractions drew them to this fair inheritance as their lasting earthly abode. And the same continue and increasingly continue to attract the brain workers of the continent to East Hampton. The wearing cares of business, the mental strain of competition, the disasters and disappointments of human life, the monotony of arduous effort impel the soul to cry out

"Oh for a heart of calm repose
Amid the world's loud roar,
A life that like a river flows
Along a peaceful shore."
and the answer is found here.

The map of the county of Kent whence came our fathers shows the sea on three sides: the map of East Hampton does the like. The similitude of residence in the old and new world was striking and was another attraction to this location. The points of interest now were so then. Travel now from the centre to any direction and you attain some locality of historic interest, some landscape of rural loveliness, some valley of serene peace, some outlook of charming beauty, some expanse that reaches far, far off into the sublime unknown. Go west and the ancient hamlet "Jericho" speaks of an age that makes it historic, and "Georgica, its little sister" utters a like voice; and Appaquogue, more ancient still, an Indian name, carries the thought far back to the thousands of years past and the barbarian ages that antedate all history and end in dim oblivion. Go farther and between the creeks find the dwelling and the grave of Capt. John Dayton, the mighty hunter and hero of the Revolution, whose life is an integral part of the history of this town and the Empire State; go farther still and "Wainscott" opens to the eye its plain and pond of diversified beauty. Go northwest and the significant names of "Toilsome" and "Hardscrabble" tell us of the arduous labors of the fathers in the "Northwest Plains," and farther on within thirty feet of the third milestone now obliterated, "Sachem's Hole" marked the place where the bearers of the body of Pog-gatacut, royal sachem of Long Island, rested and laid his head on their weary way from Manhasset, now Shelter Island, to the burial ground of sachem kings at Montauk. Farther on and unmistakable, now much filled up, is the "Whooping Boy's Hollow," of dread and mysterious memory, from whose depths the ghost of the murdered boy uttered unearthly cries, as if in the agony of dissolution and death. Farther on at the foot of the hill on the shore where now is Sag Harbor once stood an Indian village whose name I call Wequagamock, but which no living man except my antiquarian friend, Wm. Wallace Tooker, can rightly pronounce. The bluffs and shores of "Northwest" big and little, present rare and romantic views.

"Three Mile Harbor" has its hills and vales, its "Indian Highway" where once Indians lived and died. It abounded in fish and clams on which they feasted. The piles of buried shells tell of their presence in the long time ago, and there the sachems oftentimes lived. The salt meadows of "Acabonae Neck" furnished food for the stock of the early settlers and were highly valued. "The Springs" suggest an oasis and "The Fire Place," when the fire was kindled, conveyed its message to Gardiner's Island that a visitor was coming and awaiting the boat from there. What scenes of varied charm, what legends of dim romance, what diversified life all these could tell. Traveling east we glance at the "Hook;" on the left leave "Freetown," significant name of a bondage past; we ask is "Pantigo" a word of Indian or English derivation? Did some one of the aborigines long time ago, we know not when, say something we know not what, construed to sound Pantigo, we know not why? Or did some tired English traveler whose reluctant feet trod their weary way over these plains, mindful of exhausting effort and exhausting breath, give name to the place where in long-drawn syllables he walked and said, "Pant I go?" "Egypt," symbolic of plenty in time long gone by is so now. "Amagansett," first fair daughter to East Hampton, needs no bird plumage on her hat to heighten her charm as she turns her beauteous head eastward to look on her "Promised Land." "Napeag" waste and wild, has its meadows and its mosquitos as in the long time ago. Ages on ages past, old Ocean, by some caprice in its slow current, deposited the sand which formed the beach and joined Montauk, then an island, to that other island which ended in Amagansett. And yet the very wildness of Napeag attracts the artist's eye. "Montauk," the favored home of the Indian, the abode of the Royal Sachems and the royal tribe, unique, secluded, solitary Montauk. The aborigines by thousands have here lived, by thousands have here died. This vast graveyard of many people, of a strange tongue, of many generations in the past unknown, imparts to the spectator its melancholy

and its meditative charms, and its hollow voice utters in impressive tone, "No trifling here." March south and the old burial ground holds the consecrated dust of the fathers and eight generations of their descendants. What eye can look unmoved upon its graves? Go farther and "Mill lane" and Plain tell of the old horse mill of earliest times, and "Pudding Hill" of Revolutionary days. Go farther still and

THE OCEAN!

the element of most attractive interest, of most elastic mood, of most illimitable expanse, of most varied expression; ocean from plain and dune and hillock appears to gladden the eye, dilate the lungs, purify the body and inspire the soul. Mountains may speak to fancy, rivers may whisper of beauty, lakes may express the thought of space; but ocean in vastness of expanse, variety of voice, murmur of music, moan of lament, dirge of woe, roar of wrath is inimitable, incomparable, unconfined, fearful, sublime.

THE UNDERTOW.

Old ocean bounds East Hampton south from the tip of Montauk to the Southampton line. It attracts visitors, it promotes health, it dispels malaria. Its products sustain human life; its mighty surge tells of power; its moan sings the dirge of the thousands sunk in its depths. Woe to him that falls in its undertow. Shall I give an experience with it in the long time ago? It is dangerous for a speaker to make himself his subject, yet you may fairly say that a life of more than four-score should be fraught with a message of hope, of instruction or warning, and demand its deliverance, and I comply. Go with me to the ocean shore early in October, 1842, where with Mr. Sanford, a former principal of Clinton Academy, and Mr. Livingston, the then teacher, our mutual friend Samuel B. Gardiner had taken us for a ride to Appaquogue. Sanford went in bathing and by urgent request of all I did also. The surf was high, the water cold. I swam out some thirty rods and returning, when near the shore, after long,

exhausting, unavailing effort found I could get no nearer. There was a bend in the shore; at each outer end the high waves broke and their momentum carried the incoming waves toward the centre. The waters gathered there must recede, and returning underneath the incoming wave flowed seaward, and rose to the surface at a point where its volume overcame it. That was the undertow. Woe to the swimmer who unwittingly strives to overcome it. If he soon finds out his danger and turns at right angles out of it, well! If he persists in the contest with the current he is doomed. Unconsciously I had persisted near to the point of exhaustion. The chilled waters almost froze the life blood. The shore recedes. The horrors of death got hold of me. Even at this distance of time I remember the minutest circumstance attending this fearful event. My companions alarmed for my safety, ran down from the bank where they had been watching the wave, with that interest wherewith ocean beguiles the onlooker. I remember revolving the question, Can I float until help is brought from Appaquoque and Georgica or Jericho to launch a boat and pick me up? Just as I was about to speak of this, appeared a mighty rolling incoming wave and with the rapidity of light it flashed upon me, That vast body of water will overcome the undertow. On its swift crest I put forth all my power and gained. Another like mighty wave and another desperate struggle for life and yet another still flung me on the beach and hurled me back as the wind whirls the feather, and still another wave threw me further up, and with desperation, hands and feet buried in the sand, I crawled on the shore. Panting, gasping, freezing, unable to stand, a victim rescued and barely rescued from the undertow. Great God! What a deliverance! An experience of impending death, of unexpected safety. An experience of the power of memory and the power of conscience all but supernatural. The reverberating thunder is not more audible, the lightning flash is not more visible than, in the danger of impending death, the voice of conscience and the flash of memory. As in a panorama all the past life

unrolled instant. As in the day of Judgment, over all other voice swells the voice of an accusing or acquitting conscience. O God! With what an awful power I saw the buried past revive in that dark hour and all its ghastly memories live again! Agnostics may ignore, skeptics may doubt, infidels may deny the reality of a coming Judgment. For all that it is true and is coming. How do I know? I have been there. I have known the unrollment of life in an instant of time; the condemnation of conscience reechoing the judgment of the eternal equities; have been in the valley and shadow of death, from thence I bring tidings of a coming Judgment that will ring in the transgressor's ear in the Resurrection morn, as clear, as loud, as real as the trump of the Archangel. O man! overcome in the undertow of unhallowed indulgence, of beguiling intemperance, of consuming covetousness, of engrossing worldliness, of dismal and disappointing crime, think not to avoid the sentence of Jehovah. You are gone, forever gone, unless you sheer out of the undertow and stand on the abiding rock. In the undertow of vice, of sensuality, of selfishness there is nothing but danger and delusion and death. There is an Almighty hand outstretched for your deliverance. Take hold of it and you are rescued. Fail to do it and you perish.

REVISITING SPIRITS.

Do the spirits of the dead revisit the scenes of their earthly life? Are there memorable occasions when the genius of the place returns to its former abode? Lion Gardiner, Puritan, pioneer of commanding genius, of iron nerve, of winning ways, of pious spirit, of far-seeing intellect, who wrote to Winthrop for a young minister for this town, believed to be none other than Thomas James. Lion Gardiner, unsullied name! Does his undying soul revisit the scenes of his mortal abode and his earthly life? Divested of the tenement of clay does it view the ground whereon his feet have trod, the places where centered the interests, the hopes, the toils, the aspirations of his life here?

Thomas James, preacher of the everlasting gospel of righteousness, in the first old thatched church, to the Indians at Montaukett whom he sought to win from their wild pagan ways to the faith that is "the substance of things hoped for and the evidence of things not seen," does he come back to his unique tomb, haunt the spot where stood that old church, journey to Montauk where he had catechised the Indians in Bible truths?

Does the meditative soul of Minister Hunting from some hilltop in Heaven cleave its way to the spot of his earthly ministry, where sleep the bodies of those who heard his earnest words, and followed his clear logical thought? Does it hover over the ground whereon stood the sanctuary of 1717, wherein so long he preached the fearful truths of a Revelation mysterious and divine?

Does the ardent, patriotic, undying soul of Buell from its high abode, return to the place where he so long lived and so grandly wrought, and look for and lament the ruin of that church edifice sanctified by his ministry of half a century? But for him, no Clinton Academy would have graced the village and town of East Hampton with the glory of its light.

If Samuel Mulford lives in the spirit land, does his thought go to the locality where as a patriot and hero he suffered and wrought

that future generations might be free? Does he there see a spirit nobler, loftier, grander than his own?

Or those mighty souls of the Revolution, the Mulfords, David and Ezekiel; the Gardeners, Abraham the Colonel, and his son Nathaniel; or the Millers, Eleazar and his son Burnet, or Captain Thomas Wickham, or Captain John Dayton, and many others? These! Do they in presence review the past and descend to the fields of their mortal career? Is their high purpose transmitted to this present generation and these money-making times? Our creed enjoins no prayers to saints; it forbids no following after their bright example, no marching in their footsteps, no imitation of their virtues. It forbids not the belief in their invisible presence, in their profound interest, in their devout approval of this celebration. If the veil of mortal flesh that hides their presence from our sight, that stops our ears to the music of their song, that dulls our perception to the message they speak were rent in twain then we might see and hear and know their spiritual form, their celestial song, their high-souled words. However lofty our ideal it would fall far beneath the reality. Spirits of the immortals! Of the founders and the fathers of this honored town, live! Live forever in the hearts of your children!

THE PARADE AND FLAG-RAISING.

But one feature of the great parade called for adverse criticism, and as it is well to get a disagreeable task over, let it be said at once that it moved too quickly. Every item was of such interest as to demand attentive observation, and unfortunately the rapid pace at which the bewildering succession of "features" rushed by a given point prevented the possibility of this and caused the remark that it was as hard to look at as a three-ring circus,

Heading the procession, when it moved at 11:30 a. m., rode Grand Marshal George H. Hand, followed by a unique object in the shape of a well-behaved donkey, not only willing but eager to go; the rider's name was Costello, the steed rejoices in the cognomen of Fear-naught, but is commonly called Dennis. Following came a group of five Indians, well dressed in all the bravery of war-bonnets and leggings and very realistic.

Then came a group of Continental soldiers, led by B. Z. Griffing, and making a brave showing in their uniforms of blue and white, with powdered wigs and cocked hats. Of these there were eleven.

The Naval Reserve band of New York City came next, but whether it was afoot or a-horseback would be difficult to assert of any given moment, as the members thereof rode for a while in stages, then marched a way on the bicycle path and finally took to the stages again.

The first float was a very picturesque one, containing a group of old settlers, in excellent costumes, gun in hand, alert and watchful against the Indians in close pursuit.

Then came an ancient team with two old worthies represented by Charles Gould and Samuel Hedges.

A second float was in the shape of a canvas copy of the old Independence Hall, Philadelphia, steeple and all, with an interesting group of East

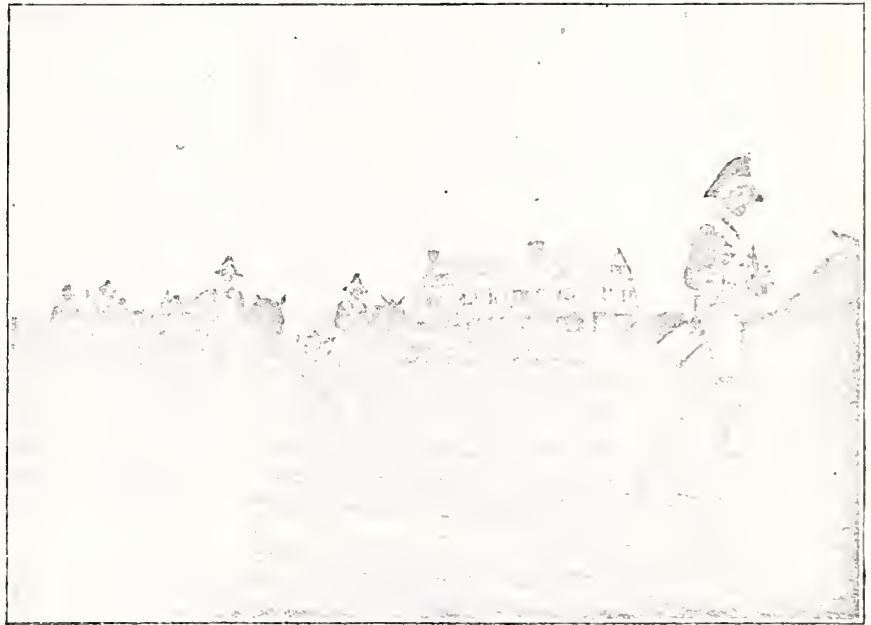
Hamptonites in gay garments of Revolutionary cut, representing the signing of the Declaration of Independence. This float took the prize, and was the first of a succession of three floats which were designed by Dr. L. L. Howell. "Uncle Sam" (Mr. Frank Stratton) in solitary state in an old farm-wagon followed after, and next to this came one of the most truly characteristic sights of the parade in the shape of an old whale-boat, with her crew, Captain Nathaniel Dominy, Sr., at the steering oar, and J. G. Osborne standing in the bow of the boat representing Washington crossing the Delaware.

The children selected to unfurl the flag came

next. Their float, though simple, was exceedingly pretty, consisting of a sort of bower trimmed with asparagus and Indian corn.

Following are the names of the children who rode on this float:

Amy Sperry Mulford, Grace Averill Dayton, Amy Hunting Dayton, Minnie Lila Hunting, Alice Mary Dayton, Lizzie Hunting Cartwright, Florence Emily Sherrill, Ruth Gordon Stratton, Lizzie McCann Fithian, Ray Hunting Barns, Amy Strong Jones, Margery Fithian



GROUP OF CONTINENTAL SOLDIERS

Griffing, Mary Hedges Culver, Helen Stratton Conklin, Harry Howes Hedges, William Sherrill Hedges, Charles Joseph Osborne, Joseph Glover Osborne, James Hedges Mulford, Josiah Lester Mulford, Herbert Lenard Parsons, Herbert Lewis Van Scoy, Edward Mulford Baker, George Eldridge Jones, Frank Eldridge, Maitland Belknap, Edwin Maynard, Samuel Hunting, Edward Sherrill.

The next float, for which a special prize was deservedly given, was an old-time spinning-wheel party, consisting of a group of pretty girls in their great-grandmothers' clothes, hard at work at wool and flax wheels, carders and winders, in a bower of green. The young

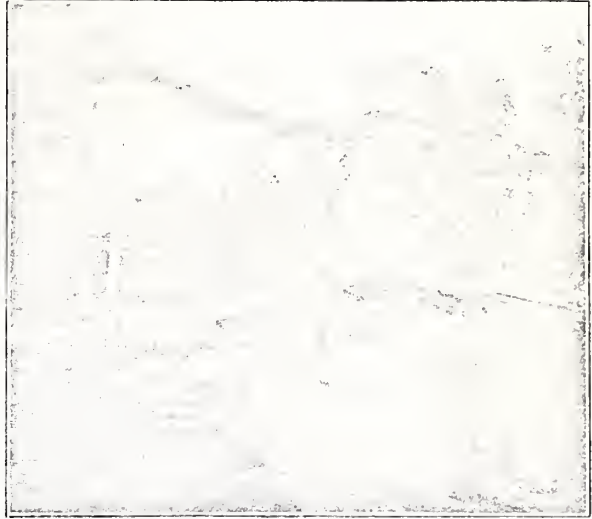
ladies on this float were Esther Cartwright Hedges, Mary Buell Hedges, Mary Anna Tillinghast, Elsie Fithian Tillinghast.

Next came a farm-wagon, whose sides bore the date 1820, occupied by a family of the same date, as to costume at least. The occupants were Teunis Barns, Mrs. Minnie Barns, George Eldredge, Mrs. Eldredge and Miss Eldredge, and William Bell. This wagon was notable as being a genuine old-time farm-wagon, such as the farmers of Northwest used to drive to church in, taking off the cart body and putting on the "Sunday sides," as they called the boat-shaped body.

"Uncle Harry" Mulford came next in all the glory of his position as the oldest male inhabitant, in a coat and hat made in 1844, and a wagon of the early thirties drawn by a horse at least a hundred years old. Mr. Mulford was accompanied by D. E. Osborn, the author of the turnout. Then came a genuine relic from Amagansett, consisting of an ancient vehicle of the genus sleigh, variety "pung" bearing a shingle inscribed "U. S. Mail, East Hampton to Brooklyn, 100 years old."

The farm-wagon heaped high with pumpkins and squash, which came next, contained a family party in the garb of 1830; the farmer, in

high white felt hat, "roached" hair and seer-sucker clothes, being Albert Herter; the fair farmeresses, in low-necked gowns of dainty color and quaint cut, "coal scuttle" bonnets and sandalled slippers, being represented by

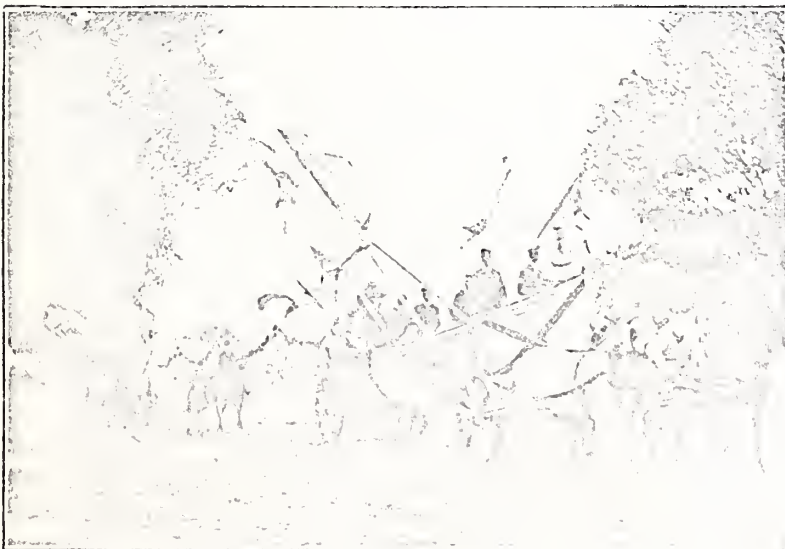


Mrs. Herter, Miss Maginnis and Miss Duryea.

Our old friend Jerry Baker came next, his well-known stage decked with bunting and the words "Established 1859," and laden with contemporary passengers, besides three old brass-nailed hair trunks and a flowered band-box of immense proportions.

To emphasize the contrast between the antique and the modern the next two features were a Long Island express wagon with a noisy crowd of young people and one of the new watering carts of which East Hampton is so justly proud.

A detachment of Rough Riders, forty in number, very well gotten up, Dr. Lewis making a very successful representative of "Teddy" Roosevelt, came next.



THE LIFE-BOAT AND CREW

The Life-boat and crew from the Georgia life-saving station came next, in command of Captain Nathaniel Dominy, Jr. It was beautifully decorated with flags, and a very pretty effect was presented by the skilful way in which the crew tossed oars, each oar bearing a banner.

The next section of the parade, consisting of decorated carriages, was led by the young son of Dr. Rice, dressed in the custom of a Roman warrior, and mounted on a pony. After him came Dr. Rice's trap, in red and pink, with two Roman ladies in the same colors; a brilliant and taking picture.

Dr. G. E. Munroe's team followed, beautifully decorated with scarlet salvia, in keeping with the scarlet golf-coat of the owner, a really stunning trap.

A stage, prettily decorated with various flowers, occupied by the guests and family of W. A. Wheelock, came next.

This was followed by the double team of Warren Smith, tastefully decorated with hydrangeas.

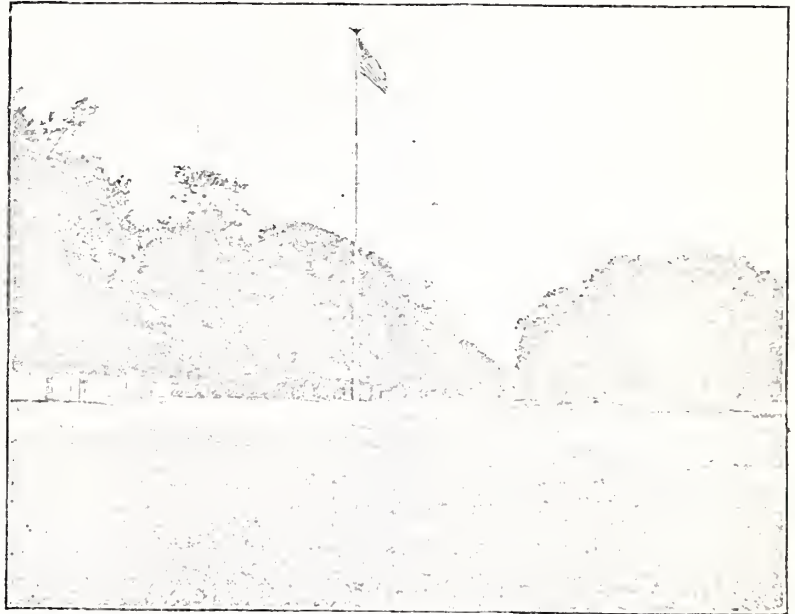
A single rig in red and white, four young ladies in golf-coats and a little postilion riding the much-garlanded horse came next driven by Miss Helm.

Mr. Marvin Lyons with red and white hydrangeas followed, then a Victoria draped with orange color cheesecloth and driven by a "befo' de wah" colored gentleman.

C. H. Adams' trap profusely dressed with blue and white hydrangeas, one of the prettiest pieces of color in the parade, followed. Mrs. C. K. Davis drove her prize-winner, "Baby Ann" to a high cart tastefully dressed with red and white flowers. Miss Maud Talmage had pink and white flowers, drapery and dresses making a very pretty effect, and Mr. Theron Strong had arches of white hydrangeas.

The children's part of the show was triumphantly led by the charming little team of Welsh ponies driven by Candace Hewitt, the surrey decorated with flowers; a pony cart in dainty white blossoms (Mrs. Potter) and a similar one all in brilliant yellow (Mrs. Peters) were two of the very prettiest traps in line. The surrey of L. G. Woodhouse, fairly covered with blossoms of varied hue, came next.

Robert Collins closed the line with a genuine country rig, in red, white and blue.



FLAGPOLE AND FLAG DEDICATED ON ANNIVERSARY DAY

It was impossible to secure an accurate record of the riders in the bicycle section, as they not only passed at a rapid rate, but the mistake was made of letting them ride parallel with the main body of the procession, so that only the more striking wheels can be mentioned. Miss Hetty Osborne took first prize with her canopy of the National colors gracefully arranged; Miss Lester had a very pretty arrangement in yellow; Celia Baker was Miss Columbia, a very effective costume; Lillian Bell, a fairy; Frank Markoe, in pumpkin yellow with head-dress and trimmings of Indian corn, was very effective; Torrence Bell and Miss Lida Bell on a pretty tandem took a prize. The comic section

was very well represented: Mr. Steele was an excellent tramp; H. S. Jewett, a "lady of color." A second member of the Steele family was a farmer; Erastus Dominy, a miller, carrying on his handle-bar a very pretty model of a mill; Charles Parsons was a burlesque farmer with a long-tailed blue coat. The first prize in this class was very properly bestowed on Frank Miller, an inimitable tramp on an old "high wheel" bicycle which looked as if it might have antedated the settlement.

The youngest member of the procession was by no means the least attractive, being Mr.

consisted mainly of sterling silver articles furnished by Messrs. Reed & Barton, of New York, including a large chafingdish, several tankards and urns, also two East Hampton souvenir windmill spoons, two riding stocks, a briarwood silver mounted pipe, and a number of bicycle appliances. These prizes were partly obtained from the amount appropriated to the committee, the others being presented by Messrs. C. G. Thompson, W. A. Wheelock, W. L. Skidmore, G. W. Stockly, C. H. Butler, B. H. Van Scoy, E. B. Muchmore, Dr. L. L. Howell, A. A. Roy.

The following is a list of the prizes awarded:

Handsome man's bicycle—Mr. Thorn.

Handsome woman's bicycle—Miss Hetty Osborne.

Most unique bicycle—First prize, Frank Miller; second, Erastus Dominy.

Best tandem—Torrence Bell.

Oldest rig—First prize, D. E. Osborn, second, Charles B. Edwards, Amagansett.

Handsome double carriage—Mrs. W. G. Smith.

Handsome single carriage—Mrs. H. Davis.

Handsome pony rig—First prize, Candace Hewitt; second, Miss Mattie Strong.

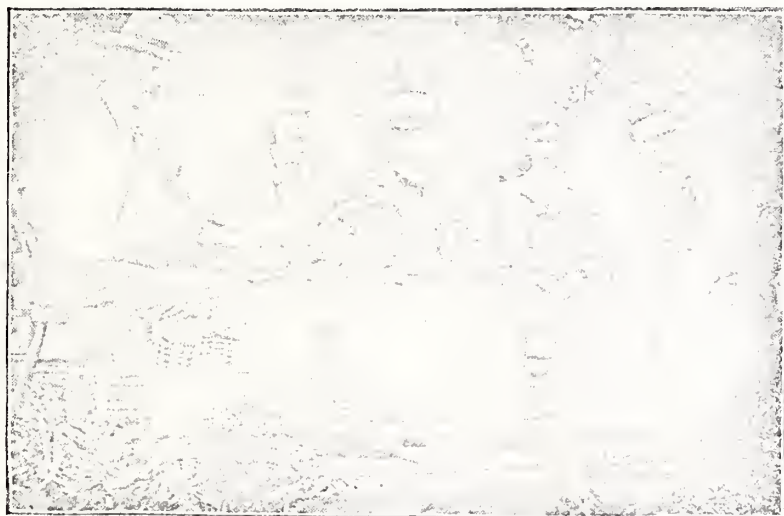
Unique turnout—First prize, Albert Herter; special prizes, G. A. Eldredge, and life-saving boat.

Floats—First prize, "Signing of Declaration of Independence," L. L. Howell; second, float occupied by children; special prize, spinning-wheel float.

Oldest equestrian—First prize, John H. Hand; second prize, B. Z. Griffing, as George Washington.

Most unique equestrian—James F. Costello.

Goat-cart—First prize, Henry Franklin Butler.



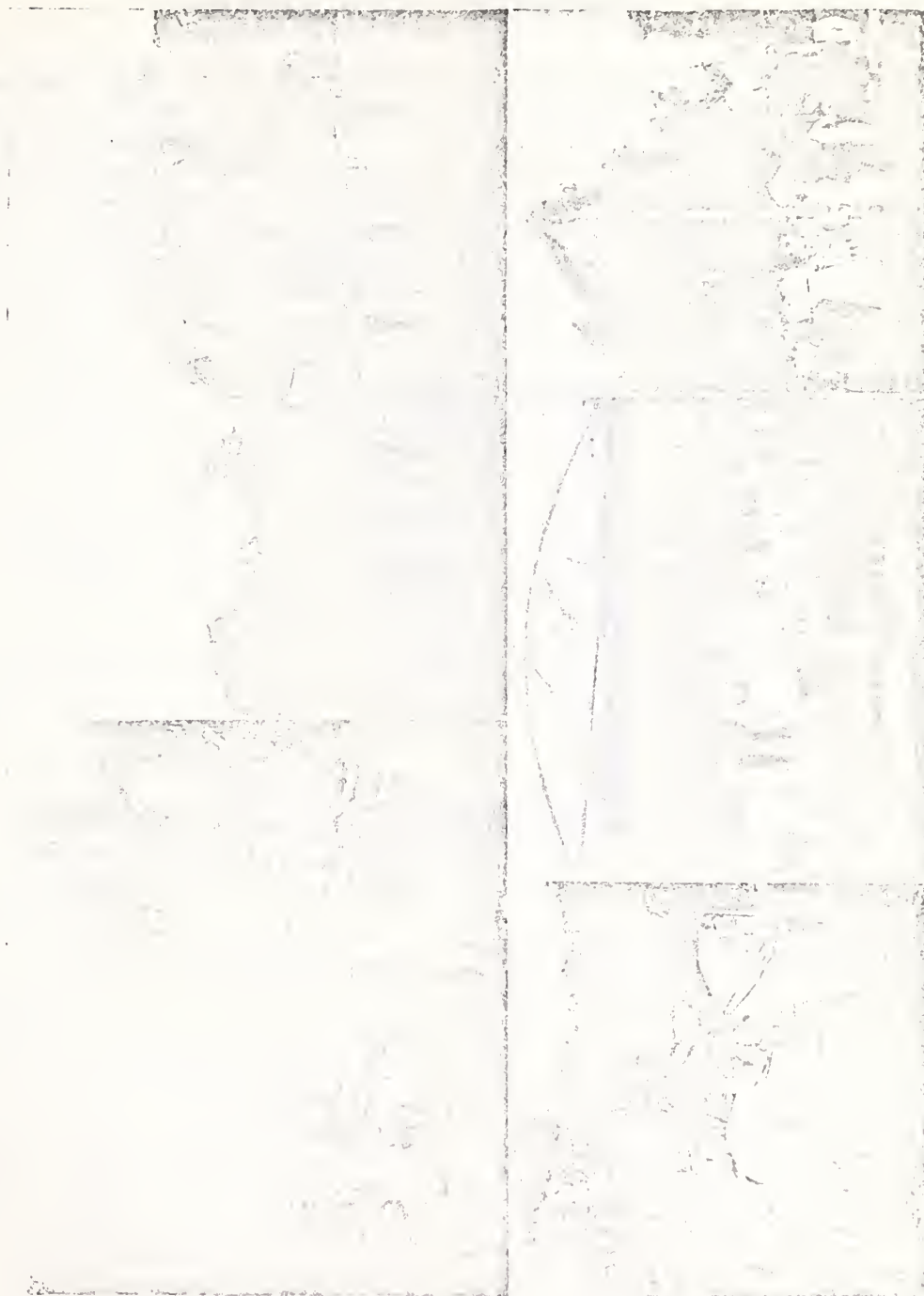
JUDGES OF PARADE

Henry Franklin Butler, aged two, in a goat-cart exquisitely dressed in pale green and white and drawn by the grandfather of all goats.

As the line moved up the street and passed the fine new flagpole, which had been raised the day before, the float bearing the twenty-nine boys and girls, chosen for that particular part of the exercises, dropped out and drew up to the base of the pole. Amid the cheering of the people and music by the band, the children unfurled the handsome new flag.

THE PRIZES.

The prizes selected by the committee, of which Miss Carol D. Edditz was the chairman,



VIEWS OF THE PARADE

AFTERNOON EXERCISES.

The spacious grounds of the Presbyterian church were well chosen for the afternoon exercises of the celebration.

A large platform with a seating capacity for 200 people had been erected near the rear of the church, for which the overspreading elms furnished a canopy of green. On the platform sat the speakers, the members of the several committees and the guests of honor. In a semi-circle about the platform were arranged seats for a thousand people and nearly as many more stood on the ample lawn. The Naval Reserve band of New York occupied a position to the right of the speakers' platform.

Following is the order in which the exercises were carried out:

The Rev. John D. Stokes acted as chairman of the meeting.

The exercises opened with singing by the people, "My Country 'tis of Thee," with band accompaniment.

Prayer by the Rev. James Leggett.

Hymn, "America," by audience, with band accompaniment.

Chairman: I have been congratulating myself for the past month that I was not one of the first settlers, and the reason is that I would not be here to-day. I am exceedingly happy to see such a large and interested congregation gathered to celebrate the memory of those worthy and honored men who settled our village. It would be unseemly of me to occupy three minutes of your time here to-day, and the best of my speech will be its brevity. I congratulate you all upon this afternoon and upon the rich and varied programme which we

have to offer you, and in order that you may not be wearied and enjoy it to the full, I will bring my speech to a close.

Overture, Tannhaeuser, by the band.

Chairman: Our next is an address by Mr. Charles Henry Butler, of the Committee of Arrangements. Mr. Butler has thrown himself heart and soul into this business, and we shall be glad to hear him. (Applause.)



REV. JOHN D. STOKES

ADDRESS OF WELCOME BY C. H. BUTLER.

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN:—It was not intended that any but the speakers whose names appear below mine upon the programme should be heard this afternoon, but it was finally deemed advisable that a few words should be said on behalf of the committee which have had in charge the details of this celebration which marks an epoch in the history of the life of this town. The speakers will all speak for

themselves—and certainly any one looking over this programme will feel sure that East Hampton is at no loss for forensic as well as clerical talent.

One lady who has long resided in East Hampton and has been conspicuous always for her love for the place, as well as for her interest in this celebration, being a little overcome by the elaborateness of the programme and the size of the pole, made the very apropos remark that "if we did have little fishes they could all spout like whales and 'twere well to have their dose." She did not know at the time that she had addressed the remark to one of the speakers.

But our fish are not all little and it will take a great deal of spouting before the occasion can be overdone.

Although Bishop Berkeley's famous saying "Westward the course of empire takes its way" is undoubtedly true on general principles—notably when that same flag which was unfurled on the village green to-day by children amidst cheering and singing was carried with the booming of cannon by Admiral Dewey into Manila Bay and transformed what until then was the far East into what is now the far West—still there are few instances when it does not exactly apply, and one of those instances is the course of events on that Island of which Brooklyn forms one end and Montauk Point the other.

Ever eastward has been the march of improvement on Long Island, and so it was 250 years ago when the colony of East Hampton was organized and took over from their worships Theophilus Eaton and Edward Hopkins respectively governors of the Colony New Haven and Colony Connecticut the territory they had acquired from the four Indian Sachems who represented the aboriginal owners.

Already the town of Southampton was nine years of age and it was, undoubtedly, to escape from the whirl, bustle and gaiety of that popular seaside resort that the first goodmen of East Hampton reimbursed the aforesaid governor the £30 4s 8d which they had expended for the consideration articles and took their way eastward toward the Point of Montauk and the even more distant Isle which, then called the Isle of Wight, had already, in 1639, been granted to the original Lion Gardiner whose descendants are still in quiet possession thereof and uniting with us to-day in this celebration.

And so as we stand here feeling that our

lines are indeed fallen in pleasant places the thought has the further charm added to it that the old East Hamptonites paid for their land and that not an acre thereof was obtained save by legitimate purchase as duly signed, sealed, witnessed and delivered, and for as good and sufficient consideration as has ever attended the subsequent transfer of any portion thereof.

How the original purchase price was divided between the sachems and their astoyats does not appear, but the deed shows that twenty of them at least had opportunity to appear in new coats, although no mention is made of any of those garments that are usually considered necessary accompaniment to constitute complete costumes in polite society, and there were also distributed amongst the members of the tribes, twenty-four hoes, hatchets, knives and looking-glasses, and one hundred and twenty mugs.

Probably the hoes were promptly handed over to the older squaws—let us hope the younger ones obtained the looking-glasses and made good use of them.

And so from then until now East Hampton has gone on pursuing the even tenor of its way always giving others their just dues, and always insisting on receiving

its own, and so it is no wonder that to-day with pride as well as pleasure this 250th anniversary is celebrated in the manner which all who have participated in the event will remember.

There are few towns indeed that can boast of two and a half centuries of such quiet progress and such unbroken peace and happiness.

Boston indeed claims that her old down-town streets were the paths made by the cows as they were driven to and from the common over two centuries ago—but who ever sees a cow to-day in Boston?—while here in East Hampton we not only have the old village street, but night and morning see the cows passing

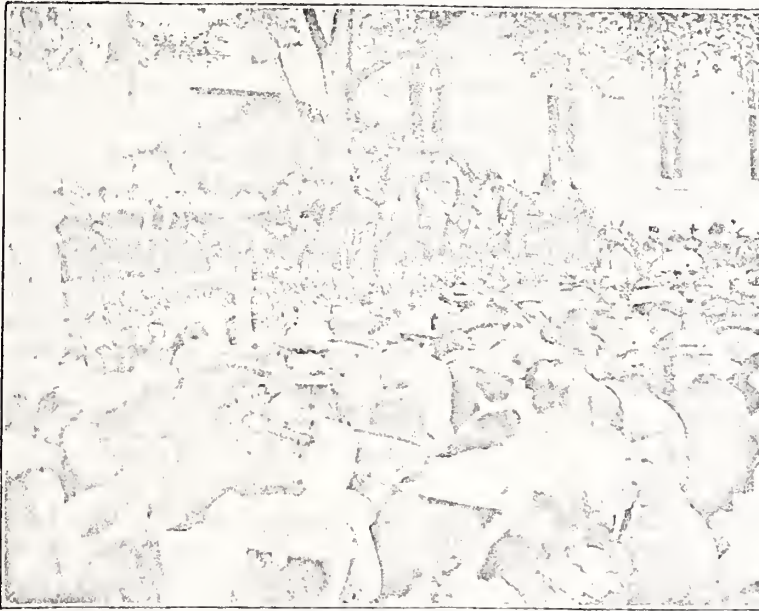


CHARLES HENRY BUTLER

through the mercantile and social centres of the town.

What town, city, village or any other community for that matter has been able to celebrate its bi-sesque centennial and at the same time to dispense absolutely with an excise board or a gas trust.

Your committee of arrangements, therefore, have had but little difficulty in devising the plan of this celebration. It has not been necessary to hunt up the old records, to fish out from nooks or crannies the old-time relics of the place, to uncover long-neglected spots of historical interest.



SPEAKERS' PLATFORM, JUST BEFORE THE EXERCISES BEGAN

All were here on the ground for us—the place itself, the people, the customs—all simple and sincere as they are—as they always have been—all uniting in one harmonious plan of action that has resulted in what we saw this morning, what we hear this afternoon, what will long linger in our memories as a delightful occasion and what must make all feel and say it is good for us to be here.

And speaking of the old East Hampton customs—how many of them are still the same as they have been for two or three centuries, just

the same as when Mr. Osborne was town clerk, Thomas Talmage kept the records, and John Mulford and John Hand were trustees, during the sixteen hundreds.

One custom in particular shows the steady continuance of old-time methods.

Look in those records of the town so ably prepared by Judge Hedges to whose interesting address we all listened with such pleasure last night, and you will find that in 1675 an ordinance was passed providing that, "No man in or belonging to this town shall give employment to any English (that meaning any other than Indian) that is a stranger above one week ex-

cept he have a certificate under the authorities whence he or they came of their good behavior, under severe penalties." This seems to have been passed and prepared when the trustees of the town were Stephen Hand, Samuel Mulford, John Wheeler and John Stratton, who evidently constituted themselves and their descendants a perpetual committee to see that this rule was carried out and to examine the credentials of all strangers entertained in the town. To many the delegation of citizens which newcomers invariably find awaiting them on their piazzas as they arrive is a mystery, but those who know the customs of

the town recognize it at once as the committee of 1675 on credentials, and say what you may those who do not remain in East Hampton are those who failed to furnish the committee with certificates of good behavior, the excuse given about the air not agreeing with the children to the contrary notwithstanding. Happy are those of us who have been weighed in the balance and not found wanting.

But if East Hampton has moved slowly there has been, as there is now, that latent strength which appears whenever the occasion

calls forth the lion. It may sleep but when aroused beware of his strength. It waked up when Gov. Dougan attacked the charter and resisted to the utmost, successfully at last, though at the cost of £200, his attempt to deprive the town of its chartered rights and liberties. It waked up when the tax on whale oil interfered with its then principal industry and unsuccessful with the governor, it sent Samuel Mulford to London and obtained the remission from the Crown. It waked up when France threatened invasion from Quebec and responded to the call of Mother England to save her colonies. It waked up and breathed into its lungs the spirit of '76 when, as Judge Hedges tell us in the Records, East Hampton nurtured no tory and no drop of tory blood. It waked up in '61 and many were those from East Hampton who responded to the call of Father Abraham, three hundred thousand strong. It waked up lately and when their country needed them not only were men from East Hampton ready to go, but ministering angels from this town hovered around the beds of those who had suffered for their country's cause. It has waked up now when the 250th anniversary calls us all here to do honor as we should to the memory of the past, congratulations for the present, and hope for the future.

It is on occasions like this that the blood of East Hamptonites boils over and not only the eastern end of Long Island but the whole country knows that East Hampton is here, has been here for 250 years and is going to keep right on being here for 250 or 500 years longer.

But ladies and gentlemen it was distinctly understood that this was not to be a speech. The little fish is trying to spout like a whale and the inopportune effort must be nipped in the bud and give the real whales an opportunity.

It is my pleasant duty, on behalf of the Committees of Arrangements, to welcome you here and to thank all those who have aided in carrying out the program.

The pole has been erected and the Stars and Stripes are now proudly waving over the vil-

lage green decorated by willing hands and sympathetic hearts. The parade which passed through the street and exhibited in an hour's time all the different means of locomotion known to the ancients and moderns in their most attractive and wondrous forms and as an exhibition of genius will only be exceeded by the speeches it will now be our pleasure to hear.

To one and all the committee extends its thanks, its appreciation and its congratulations.

Chairman: We have with us to-day Mr. Baldwin, President of the Long Island Railroad. I have only been acquainted with him a few minutes and I cannot exactly speak of his theological ideas; but I know one thing, that he believes in regeneration, and has regenerated the Long Island Railroad, giving to us the best service that we ever had. (Applause.)

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PRESIDENT BALDWIN'S ADDRESS.

You will notice that I must be considered as being Number 6½ on the programme. I am only one of the small fishes that Mr. Butler speaks of. My religious opinions are best not spoken about perhaps in this assembly, and I shall only take a moment of your time to give expression to my appreciation of what I have seen to-day. I wonder if those of you who have lived here all of your lives appreciate what two hundred and fifty years secured by any community means? To me, who have lived in the far West a good many years, where towns grow in a day, where towns larger than this have grown in a twelvemonth, where they have no history, this is a vast opportunity. Do you realize the benefit of the opportunity you have to-day to celebrate two hundred and fifty years of history in this grand old State of New York? It is an opportunity, it is a time when the grandest sentiment should prevail, and does prevail as I see it to-day. It is a day when the children should benefit from it, when they should learn the history of their fathers

for seven or eight generations past : and it is a day to be marked, so that as they grow up and during all their lives, they may look back upon this as an eventful day, as making the history of another fifty years; a day full of appreciation and sentiment for their fathers and ancestors who built up this community. But my point of view of East Hampton is quite different perhaps from yours. There have been various methods of transportation shown in this parade to-day, but one method of transportation was of course not in that parade. That is the method of steam. You lived here for two hundred and forty-five years—I am sure that some of you have lived here for two hundred and forty-five years, some of whom I have seen here to-day (laughter)—before the steam-locomotive made its way into your town. Mr. Butler cites various times when East Hampton woke up, and I am sure it woke up when the steam-locomotive came. The entrance of the locomotive into East Hampton marks a day of new life for East Hampton and for Long Island. Some of the older people and some of the newer people I am sure would prefer not to have the locomotive; they would prefer to walk in, to ride in on horseback, or to go in one of those old wagons I saw this morning, the sleigh, for instance that is a hundred years old; to go in any way except by steam. But steam revolutionizes all transportation; it was bound to come, and with it this end of the island, and East Hampton, must grow and grow very rapidly. There is only one method of locomotion which I hope you will not

have and that is the trolley car. (Applause). I speak only generously for your good; I have no prejudice in the matter, no social interest; but when the trolley car comes, the old days of East Hampton, and the hope of East Hampton that you all have, everything that is represented here to-day, will all go. You don't want a Coney Island on the east end of Long Island. (Prolonged applause.) I have already said a great deal more than I have a right to say. This day belongs to you and yours; but I must

express once more my deep sentiment and my strong appreciation of what I have seen here to-day. I thank you very much. (Applause).

Babbe Waltzes by the band.

Chairman: The next speaker is the Rev. T. DeWitt Talmage. (Applause). Dr. Talmage has the name of being a good preacher, and it may not be generally known—I do not think it is—that he began his ministry in East Hampton, by preaching the first sermon that he ever preached, in the little town-house over here



By permission

WILLIAM H. BALDWIN, JR.

Rockwood, New York

to an audience of about thirty-five people, and his text was, "My field is the world." It was prophetic; his field has been the world.

ADDRESS OF DR. T. DE WITT TALMAGE.

MY EAST HAMPTON NEIGHBORS:—If we leave to the evolutionists to guess where we came from, and to the theologians to guess where we are going to, we still have left for

consideration the fact that we are here. And we are here amid interesting circumstances. Of all the centuries this is the best century, and of all the decades of the century this is the best decade, and of all the years of the decade this is the best year, and of all the months of the year this is the best month, and of all the days of the month this is the best day. We are at the very acme of history. It took all the ages to make this minute possible. I might as well tell you now, for you will find it out before I get through, that I am by nature and by grace an optimist. The world started with a garden, and it is going to close with a garden.

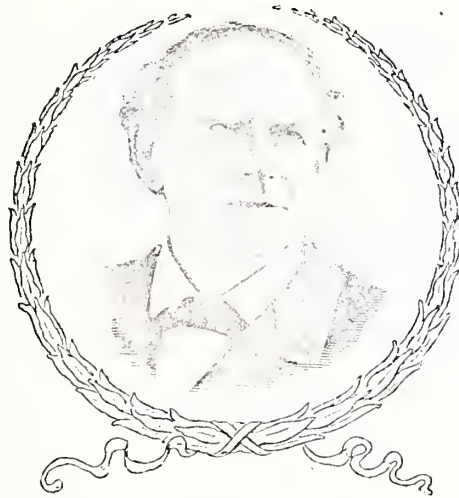
At a quarter-millennium anniversary we are assembled for congratulation and good cheer. Never, amid all the centuries of time have there been such two hundred and fifty years. Two hundred and fifty years ago, the Mayflower had landed her Pilgrims only twenty-nine years before. New York was a village. New Jersey had erected its first log-huts. Charles I went to the block that very year. Boston was getting ready to print the "Bay State Psalm Book." Harvey had not discovered the circulation of blood. It was the time of Addison and Swift and Congreve and Alexander Pope and Bourdaloue, although American literature had not yet been born. The white population of America only 200,000. About that time Connecticut voted its governor \$150 salary a year, and all Manhattan island, the future site of New York City was sold to Peter Minuit for twenty-four dollars. But what hath the two hundred and fifty years accomplished? In majestic procession let them pass along to-day in solemn and grateful review. What an eventful quarter-millennium. It has furnished the world the steam-engine,

the electric telegraph, the photographic camera, the spectroscope, the telephone, the phonograph, the electric car, the horseless carriage, the X rays. In music it gave the world Handel and Mozart and Mendelssohn and Wagner. In painting it produced Benjamin West, and Sir Joshua Reynolds, and David Wilkie and Church and Moran and Bierstadt. In religion it founded the Bible societies, and started foreign missions and the mighty Sabbath school, and sent forth the Wesleys and Whitfield and Matthew Henry and John Bunyan, and Jonathan Edwards and Thomas Chalmers and Isaac Watts, and has marshalled the present host of four hundred million Christian disciples. In statesmanship it sent forth Washington and

and William Pitt, and Edmund Burke and Daniel Webster, and Bismarck and Disraeli and Gladstone. In literature it enthroned Milton and Robert Burns and Walter Scott, and Byron and DeQuincy and Longfellow, and Bryant and Macaulay and Carlyle, and Whittier and Dickens and Tennyson and John Ruskin. What events since East Hampton was settled!

My design to-day is to weave two garlands,

the one garland for the graves of those who founded this town, and the other garland for the brow of the living East Hamptonites, whether you were born here, or entranced by the ocean scenery, and the tonic of an atmosphere equaled nowhere in all the earth, you have come from other regions to bathe in these waters, and calm your pulses amid the eternal placidities which rest, a benediction of God, upon all the surroundings of this village. God bless the dear old town! What a place it is for health! Every summer it cures hundreds of invalids. No wonder that Mr. James, the first minister of this place, lived to be eighty years



T. DE WITT TALMAGE

of age, and Mr. Hunting, his successor, lived to be eighty-one years of age, and Dr. Buell, his successor, lived to be eighty-two years of age. Indeed it seems impossible for a minister regularly settled in this place to get out of the world before his eightieth year. It has been only in cases of "stated supply," or removal from the place, that early demise has been possible. And in each decease at fourscore it was some unnecessary imprudence on their part or they would have lived still further on. That which is good for settled pastors being good for other people, the climate is delectable for all.

In this celebration notice that this town was founded by men of integrity and religion. In those early days at a political town-meeting, the people of East Hampton adopted this resolution: "We do associate and conjoin ourselves and our successors to be one town or corporation and confederation together to maintain and preserve the purity of the Gospel of our Lord Jesus Christ which we now possess." They kept that pledge and all styles of immorals were thrust back from these precincts. A

woman in those times arrested for slander and defamation was sentenced either to pay a fine of fifteen dollars or stand one hour with a cleft stick upon her tongue. If like punishment were inflicted for like offense in our time, how many men and women would be going about with split sticks upon their slanderous tongues! In those olden times a Yankee peddler with the measles went to church in this village on the Sabbath day to sell his knick-knacks, and his behavior was considered so outrageous that before the peddler left town the next morning the young men gave him a free ride upon what would seem to us an uncomfortable and insecure vehicle, namely a rail, and then dropped him into yonder duck-pond. But such heroic

treatment was not sanctioned by the better East Hamptonians. Nothing could be more unwholesome for a man with the measles than a plunge in yonder duck-pond, and so the peddler was awarded one thousand dollars damages. So you see that every form of misdemeanor was rejected.

This day we honor the much-maligned Puritans who came across from Connecticut and Massachusetts and settled here. The world will stop deriding them after a while, and the caricaturists of their stalwart religion will want to claim them as ancestors, but it will be too late, for since these latter-day folks lie about Puritans now, we will not believe them when they want to claim a place in the illustrious genealogical line.

A very aged man quoted to me in my boyhood some verses concerning your New England ancestors, verses that I have never seen in print. The old-time poet describing the capture of Lord Cornwallis put in his mouth these words:

"I thought two thousand men or less
Through all these states
might safely pass;
My error now I see too late,

Here I'm confined within this state.
Yes, in this little spot of ground
Enclosed by Yankees all around.
In Europe ne'er let it be known,
Nor publish it in Askelon,
Lest the uncircumcised rejoice,
And distant nations join their voice.
What would my friends in Britain say?
I wrote them I had gained the day.
Some things now strike me with surprise.
First I believed the Tory lies.
What also brought me to this plight
I thought the Yankees would not fight.
My error now I see too late,
Here I'm confined within this state,
Yes, in this little spot of ground



THE OLD HOUSE WHERE DR. TAL-
MAGE PREACHED HIS
FIRST SERMON

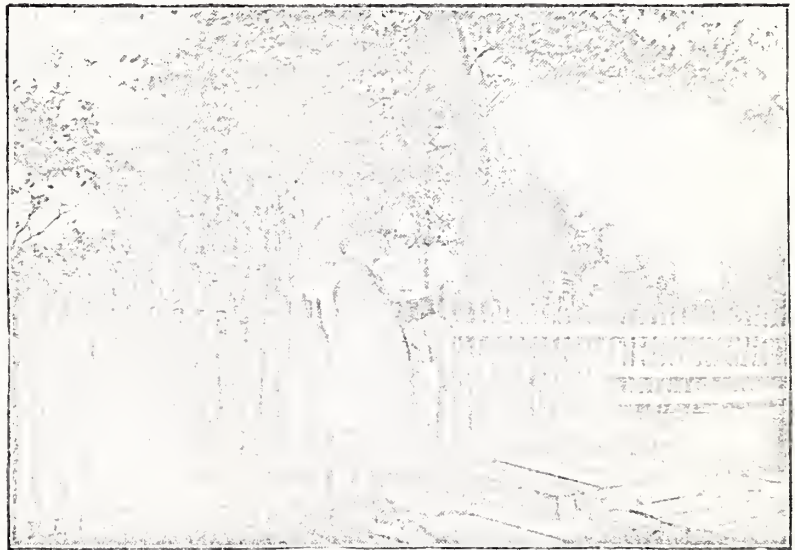
Enclosed by Yankees all around,
Where I'm so crammed and hemmed about
The Devil himself could not get out."

But the New Englanders have not had it all their own way on Long Island. Here the New Englanders and Knickerbockers met and married. The Yankee and the Dutch—that makes "royal blood. The Yankee in one's nature saying "Go ahead!" while the Dutch in his blood says, "Be prudent while you do go ahead!" The difference between the Dutch and the Yankees, well illustrated in a steamboat accident, a Dutchman and a Yankee on board. After the explosion the captain of the boat found the Dutchman, but could not find the Yankee, and the captain said to the Dutchman, "Did you see that Yankee?" "Yes," said the Dutchman, "When I was going up, he was coming down."

To the descendants of those who founded this town, and to those who for hundreds of years have fostered it, let me say, you had a glorious ancestry. Live worthy of your magnificent inheritance. Keep ever burning the fires of patriotism which they kindled. Your forefathers in the graveyards at either end of this village sleep the long sleep, and their integrity and their industry and their love of country still live in the stalwart character of their descendants.

But what a classic region East Hampton is. On yonder beach in olden time Rev. Nathaniel Prime, having one morning come over from Sag Harbor, stood watching the bathers, when a young woman who had ventured too far from shore was drowning. There was no life-boat. There was no life-line. The spectators wringing their hands in horror, but Nathaniel Prime dashed into the breakers and carried the almost lifeless young woman ashore and helped

in her resuscitation. Although a bathing dress is the least attractive of all human attire, a beautiful romance there started, and soon after the twain stood at the marriage altar, rescued and rescuer, side by side, they to be the father and mother of Irenaeus Prime, Eusebins Prime, and William C. Prime, and the royal family of Primes whose pens on editorial tables have done more for religious journalism than any other pens in America. In yonder house was born Harriet Beecher Stowe, who destroyed American slavery. Others wrought grandly against the evil on platform and in pulpit, and in printing press, but "Uncle Tom's Cabin"



THE JOHN HOWARD PAYNE HOUSE AND ITS PRESENT OCCUPANT, MR. HENRY MULFORD.

did the work of emancipation. That was the allopathic dose that cured the nation. Here lived and preached Dr. Wines the monarch of prison reform, who solved the question of how criminals discharged from incarceration might be brought back to respectability and to God. Into this great Bethesda of healing, where the angel of health is constantly stirring the waters, have stepped what a host of philanthropists, of statesmen, of Christian warriors. Under these majestic elms have walked what men and women who have helped decide the destiny of church and state! Yonder lived John Howard

Payne, the immortal — the first man fitted of God by inspiration to put into rhythm the loveliest spot on earth, our home. William Cowper had made poetic allusion to sofa and chair, but it was left to John Howard Payne to ring out in a song which has made all the world weep and smile, the preciousness of home.

Notice also that in five great wars East Hampton has gloriously participated. Her sons took part in the war of 1776, and war of 1812, the Mexican war, the Civil war, and the Americo-Spanish war. They were at Monmouth. They were at New Orleans. They were at Cherbusco. They were at Gettysburg.

They took part in that war which, with the lightnings of human and Divine indignation struck down Spanish atrocity and made Cervera surrender to Schley, and Manila surrender to Dewey, and are now ready to keep our flag floating wherever it has been lifted, and teach ungrateful Aguinaldo, of the Philippines, that all his attempts at resistance are a thistle-down against a whirlwind, are a grasshopper on a railroad track before the Limited Express. Let the day soon come when on the same open space where you to-day planted the liberty pole, and swung out the Stars and Stripes, you shall uncover in the presence of an enraptured assemblage a monument of imperishable marble, its four sides chiseled with the names of those who went from East Hampton in five wars to fight for their country. And right amidst those names put that sublime Bible quotation which I recently saw on a soldiers' monument in Savannah, Georgia: "Thus saith the Lord God: come from the four winds, O breath, and breathe upon these slain that they may live!"

And East Hampton is not done yet. If another war should come (and I pray it may never come), it would be done on the end of Long Island as it was done in a neighborhood of England. After one of their great wars was over, all the old cavalry horses which had been in the service were turned out into a luxurious pasture field provided by government. They were lame and worn out, but stood up to their knees in clover. The government could not forget their service at Austerlitz and Wat-

erloo. But one day there came up an August thunder-storm, and the old cavalry horses mistook the thunder for the cannonade of battle, and heads up and necks arched they dashed forward and wheeled into line ready for the cavalry charge. Well, there are among these Long Island villages, and all up and down this ocean beach old men who have been in many a fight for God and their country, old war-horses, so long in active service. They have done enough, and ought to rest. But if the thunder of battle should ever again be heard, these old war-horses would forget the rheumatic limb, the shortened breath, and dimmed eyesight, and again rush to the front and wheel into line, glad to fight for the land on which their cradles were rocked, and in which their graves will be dug.

But I must twist another garland, and that is for the living, active, public-spirited men and women of to-day, they who cultivate these farms, and build these houses, and march in these processions, and pray in these churches. I call your attention to the kindly feeling most evident, between the old inhabitants of East Hampton and the new comers. We like them and they seem to like us. We who come from the hot and restless cities need to be calmed and looked after by those who all the year round dwell in quiet places, while those who stay have need of us to come and stir them up with what we have seen in the great outside world. So there are no acrimonies, no jealousies, or if there are, I am too stupid to see them. If in any house there is a great happiness, we all rejoice; and if to any home there comes a sorrow, we all will mourn with it. So this afternoon I twist as many mignonettes and calla lillies into my garland for the people now living, as for the departed. The men and women of East Hampton are just as good as the men and women who founded the town. People talk about the good old days, but the old days were not as good as the present days. They say: "Just look at the pride of the people of this day, just look at the ladies' hats!" Why, there is nothing in the hats of to-day equal to the coal-scuttle hats of

a hundred years ago. They say: "Just look at the way people dress their hair!" Why, the extremest style of to-day will never equal the top-knots which our great-grandmothers wore put up with high combs that we would have thought would have made our great-grandfathers die laughing. Grandfather went out to meet her on the floor with a coat of sky-blue silk, and vest of satin embroidered with gold lace, lace ruffles around his wrists and his hair done up in a queue. They say our ministers are all askew; but just think of our clergymen entering a pulpit with their hair fixed up in the shape of some of the ancient bishops. The great George Washington had his horse's hoofs blackened when about to appear on a parade; and he wrote to Europe ordering sent for use of himself and family one silver-laced hat, one pair of silver shoe-buckles, and coat made of fashionable silk, one pair of gold sleeve-buttons, six pair of kid gloves, one dozen most fashionable cambric pocket handkerchiefs, besides ruffles and tucker.

I said to my father, an aged man, "Father, is the world so much worse than it used to be?" He made no answer for a moment, for the old folks do not like to admit too much to the boys. But after a while, with a twinkle in his eye said, "Well, DeWitt, the world never was any better than it ought to be." I knew what he meant.

Talk about dissipations, ye who have ever seen the old-fashioned sideboard! Talk about dissipating parties of to-day and keeping of late house! Did they not have B's and sausage stuffings and tea parties and dances that for heartiness and uproar utterly eclipsed all the waltzes and lancers and redows and breakdowns of the nineteenth century, and they never went home till morning. And as to

the old-time courtship—oh my! Washington Irving describes them. Talk about the dishonesties of to-day, seventy-five years ago the Governor of this State had to disband its Legislature because of its utter corruption. Think of Aaron Burr, Vice-President of the United States, and coming within one vote of being President. The world is so much better now than then, that I cannot see how our ancestors could have been induced to stay in it, although on our account I am glad they consented. Am I not right on this celebrative day in putting as redolent a garland on the present as on the past? Hail, men and women who are trying to make the world better! Let us



THE HOME OF MRS. HELEN STRATTON

Mrs. Stratton is the oldest resident of East Hampton, being in her ninetyeth year. Her home is one of the oldest in the town.

on this commemorative and anticipative occasion anew consecrate ourselves to God and our beloved land. Let us have high hope for our national future. England for manufacturies. Germany for scholarship. France for manners. Italy for pictures. The United States for God!

But never did I have such an impressive idea of what this country is as on a day when East Hampton was well represented, and some of you were present—I mean the Grand Review at Washington at the close of the Civil War. I care not whether you were a Northern man or a Southern man, you could not have looked on without tears of emotion. God knew that the

day was stupendous and he cleared the heavens of cloud and mist and chill and sprung the blue sky as a triumphal arch for the returning warriors to pass under. From Arlington Heights the spring foliage spoke out its welcome as the hosts came over the hills, and the sparkling waters of the Potomac tossed their gold to the feet of the battalions as they came to the Long Bridge and in almost interminable line passed over. The Capitol for whose defense these men had fought, never seemed so majestic as that morning, snowy white, looking down upon the tides of men that came surging on, billow after billow. Darins and Xerxes saw no such host as those who marched in our three great armies of Potomac, Tennessee and Georgia. Those ancient rulers fought for fame, but these were the heroes of the Union. Passing in silence, yet I heard in every step the thunder of conflicts through which they had waded, and seemed to see dripping from their smoke-blackened flags the blood of our country's martyrs. For the best part of two days we sat and watched the filing on of what seemed endless ranks; brigade after brigade; division after division; host after host; rank beyond rank; ever moving, ever passing, marching, marching! Tramp! Tramp! Tramp! These fought in the Wilderness; those rode in lightning stirrups behind Phil. Sheridan; these men were at Chattanooga; those stood on Lookont Mountain; those followed Sherman from Atlanta to the sea, holding the same flag, lifting the same sword, marching, marching, Tramp! Tramp! Tramp! thousands after thousands; battery front; arms shouldered; columns solid; shoulder to shoulder; wheel to wheel; charger to charger; nostril to nostril; commanders on horse-back with mane entwined, with roses, and necks enchained with garlands; fractious at the shouts that ran along the line, increasing from the clapping of children clothed in white standing on the steps of the Capitol to the tumultuous vociferations of 200,000 excited people crying Huzza! Huzza! Gleaming muskets; thundering forks of artillery; rumbling

pontoons; ambulances from whose wheels seemed to sound out the groan of the crushed and the dying whom they had carried. These men came from East Hampton by the sea, and those from balmy Minnesota; those from Illinois prairie; these were often hummed to sleep by the pines of Oregon; those were New England lumbermen; these came from the Golden Gate of the Pacific; those came out of the coal shafts of Pennsylvania. Side by side in one great cause consecrated. Through fire and storm and darkness, brothers in peril on their way home from Chancellorsville, Hennesaw mountain and Fredericksburg. In lines that seem infinite they pass on. We gazed and wept and wondered, lifting up our eyes to see if the end had come. But no; looking from one end of that long avenue to the other we see them yet in solid column, battery front; host beside host; wheel to wheel; charger to charger; nostril to nostril; coming as it were from under the Capitol. Forward! Forward! their bayonets caught in the sun, glimmer and flash and blaze till they seem like one long river of silver, ever and anon changed into a river of fire. No end to the procession, no rest for the eyes; we avert our head from the scene, unable longer to look. We feel disposed to stop our ears; but still we hear it. Marching, marching. Tramp! Tramp! Tramp! But hush! uncover every head. Here they pass, the remnant of ten men of a once full regiment. Silence! Widowhood and orphanage look on and wring their hands. Uncover every head! But wheel into the ranks all ye people, North, South, East and West, all decades, all centuries, all millenniums! Forward the whole line! Huzzah! Huzzah!

"Home, Sweet Home," sung by the people, all standing, with band accompaniment.

Chairman: Our next speaker is the Rev. Dr. James McLeod, of Scranton, Pa., a distinguished Presbyterian minister who has often been heard in this church.

DR. JAMES McLEOD'S ADDRESS.

MR. PRESIDENT, LADIES, GENTLEMEN AND FELLOW CITIZENS:—It is always well to initiate the Chairman of the Executive Committee when his name is Butler, and therefore I congratulate with all my heart the people of East Hampton upon the spirit and energy that they have displayed upon this notable anniversary. The early settlers of East Hampton, of this beautiful village, left behind them something that their descendants will not willingly let die. The records of East Hampton are a rich storehouse as I have peeped into them. They contain memorials of piety and patriotism that have never been surpassed. They also contain interesting stories concerning the shrewdness and tact, and I may say business ability of the first settlers. Those old worthies knew a good thing when they saw it, believe me. They got all they could decently, and they kept all they got. Why, for the small sum of one hundred and fifty-one dollars, they secured from those very kind and gentle Indians, the aborigines, more than thirty thousand acres of land and water. Mr. President, they bought the land on Divinity Hill for less than half a cent an acre. What do you think of that? You bought more than that last Fall, if I remember correctly. Now one is fortunate enough if he can get a mortal lot there for \$2,000; and my friend Butler says that they were good nice folk. Of course they were, and the purchase that they made has earned for their descendants four hundred thousand per cent. What do you think of that? If times continue prosperous and if the patriotic policy of expansion goes on, you will find these energetic, kindly, friendly successors of those old worthies, in a few years asking twice as much as they now ask, and they will get

it if they can and will keep it if they get it!

The early settlers were very fond of clergymen, and that is one reason why I am invited to speak, and why Dr. Talmage. It is a curious thing, but those old first settlers, with one exception, all bore Bible names; and they were plain names, plain John and Thomas and Stephen, or rather Daniel and Joshua. I don't know what Thomas, the great, great, very great grandfather of his great, great, and very much greater grandson believed. But his name was Thomas. There was no hyphenated name. There was no splitting his hair in the middle;

and it is not your fault; you did not give yourself that name. But those old fellows wanted just a single name. They were fond of their ministers. They treated them with great kindness and consideration. The first pastor of this church, like the last and present pastor, was deservedly beloved and honored during his whole life. Like St. Paul and like Goldsmith's Village Pastor, he was "in labors abundant," and he might have sat for the picture that Goldsmith drew when he said, "As the bird on gentle wings



DR. JAMES McLEOD

soars aloft to its lonely nest, so he tamed those with whom he came in contact, and soared to brighter worlds and led the way." There is one thing that I like about those old men—they would not allow their pastor to pay any taxes. That is a good thing: and their minister's grist was the first ground, that is another good thing, and he was given ample time to build his log fence, that is another good thing. The first pastor of this church, along with his good friend, Lyon Gardiner, got one-half of all the whales that were stranded. Well now we ministers don't want the half of a stranded whale, we want the whole thing! But then those good old times are gone;

stranded whales are sold, the minister's grist is not ground first and he has to pay taxes like other folk. And that is quite right; for if the good folk of this beautiful village were to exempt clergymen from their tax bills, Divinity Hill would be overcrowded. We don't want that; but I want to give good notice to my friend here who spoke in behalf of the railroad, that those of us who live at a distance want to have half-fare or passes. It is not fair to have an opportunity to speak here and

shalt not suffer a witch to live;" they misunderstood the injunction and of course they did not want her to live. They remembered that the law was given by Moses, but sometimes they forgot that grace and truth came by Jesus Christ. Their views of the Christian Sabbath were somewhat severe. They would not play golf on Sunday, they would not play croquet on Sunday. No, sir; they were honest good folk who loved the Lord's Day. Their ideas of Holy Scripture were in some

respects more Jewish than Christian. They clung on occasion to the oldness of the letter when they ought to have exemplified the newness of the spirit. But then it would not be fair to judge them by the times in which we live, and judged by their own age they towered above all their critics as the mighty oak towers above the thorny underbrush and the stinging nettles.

The Pilgrim fathers and the Puritan, with whom the first settlers of this town were so closely allied, believed in both social and re-



CLINTON ACADEMY, ERECTED 1784

not do that. In fact we must get them; and if they can put in one for the wife it will be all right.

Well, the first settlers of this town were a noble band, as has been said. They feared God and kept His commandments. They had their faults, but all their failings leaned to virtue's side. They were not nice to Goody Garlick; they did not treat her very well. They believed she was a witch, and they had read in an old Book which they loved, "Thou

religious liberty, and they knew if they had one they would have the other. They expatriated themselves for conscience's sake. They made religion a part, and a most important part of their duty and of their business. They knew the value of the religious life, and they knew the value of home training, and hence the home and the school as well as the church were active and constant sources of Christian influence. They and their fathers had been the victims of religious fanaticism

and persecution; hence they resolved that in this new land there would always be religious liberty, and how well they succeeded the whole world knows. When those old worthies settled here they brought the Church with them, and I for one am sorry that this is not the anniversary of the organization of the Church, or at least of the keeping of it; they brought the Church with them. They knew the history of Christianity well enough to know that there were times—alas! that history is so true—there were times when the offences of the Church were so rank that they smelled to Heaven and they knew it! There were times when she was that abhorred form whose scarlet robe is stiff with earthly pomp, who drank from iniquity with cups of gold, and whose names are many. Why did she fall from that splendid eminence that she had attained in the days of Hildebrand? What was it but crime upon crime that dashed her to dishonored ruin? The ambition of a Boniface the VIII, the greed and avarice of a John XXII, the unholy wars of a Julius II, the execrable crimes of Alexander VI; and it was not until disgusted nations who had long been alienated by such crimes rebelled, and rising against them weakened her strength, shattering her supremacy forever. That was what your forefathers remembered on this memorial day, and it is well to remember that they resolved that a different order of things should prevail. They resolved that in this land no set church would ever lord it over God's heritage. It is well to remember that this nation of ours owes much to Christianity and to the Christian Church. It was rocked in the Church's cradle. She taught it to walk in the path of purity and honor and manliness; and it will be a dark day for this nation—God forbid that it should ever come—if she forget its nursing mother and its early education! There never was a time when this nation was more in need of the help of the Christian Church than it is to-day, and there has been no period in our history when the Church was able to render to the nation more efficient aid. The State needs the help of the Church in many directions. It needs its help, for example, in dealing with the

subject of education. The state, the nation, if it is to endure and prosper, must give to its youth an education that will put a bond upon conscience. The Christian patriots who built and fostered Clinton Academy in this village knew this fact, and with rare wisdom they made provision for it. They knew that true Christianity is the fountain of virtue, and that virtue is necessary to the well-being and perpetuity of any nation. Knowledge is good, when it is wisely directed; but virtue is infinitely better. We are told there is a knowledge that puffeth up, but virtue is always pure and sweet and true. It is true beyond all question that religion without virtue is a sham, that politics without virtue is a cheat, that knowledge without virtue is nothing but illuminated wickedness, that free institutions without virtue are nothing but chains in another form. Let it not be said, let it never be inferred as an absolute truth that knowledge is power, but let it always be proclaimed that virtue is power, and that the virtue of a nation is the aggregate virtue of the citizens which compose it.

It is well to remember and emphasize that the culture of the intellect is not enough, if we would make our sons and daughters the stalwart citizens and Christians that they ought to be, for there have been very good scholars who were very bad citizens; there have been those who have trod the ways of glory and sounded all the depths and shallows of honor, who, having allowed themselves to be controlled by their lower and baser natures, have lost all that a true man deems valuable. There have been those who have drunk every cup of joy, who have heard every trump of fame, who have drunk early and drunk deeply of draughts that might have quenched millions, and then have died of thirst because there was no more to drink; some of them in the prime of life, some in old age, abandoned by men and forsaken by God, they have fallen from the loftiest heights of honor to the deepest depths of disgrace, leaving behind them a foul odor that all the perfumes of Arabia cannot sweeten.

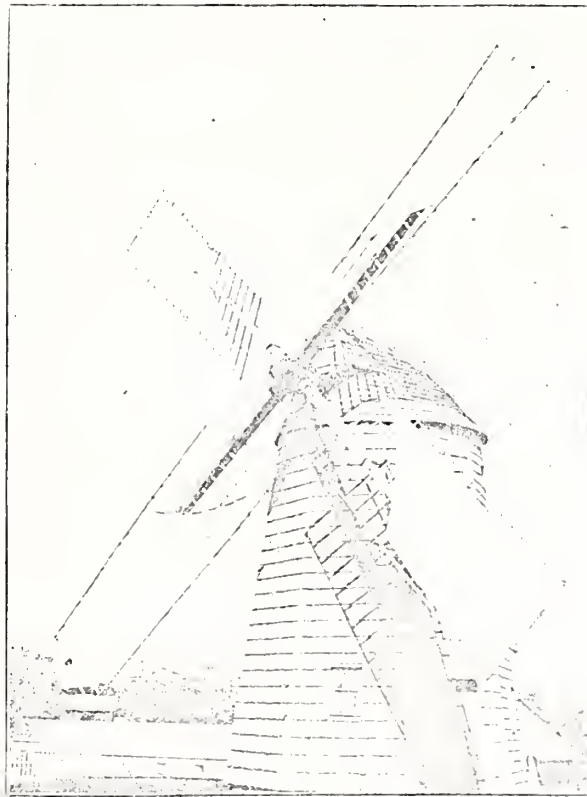
The history of Greece proves beyond question that intellect without holiness, politics

without purity, art without religion and family life without pure love are but blossoms, the roots of which, and on which they grow, are hastening on to their death. It was the decadence of virtue that destroyed ancient Greece; it was the same thing that destroyed ancient Rome. The eyes of the world are just now turned towards France. For it is France rather than Dreyfus, her brave but brutally tortured soldier, it is France more than he that is on trial. What was it, my young friends, some of you who are trained in Clinton Academy, some of you young college students, what was it that brought about the great catastrophe and collapse of France more than a hundred years ago? The historian tells us. Warnings enough she had; warnings of splendor, warnings of victory, warnings of defeat, warnings of massacre and of revolution; from the day when her great monarch in a moment of contrition said, "I have loved war too much," until the day when a prisoner in lonely St. Helena, he had time

to meditate upon his audacious blasphemy, "Men of my stamp do not commit crimes!" But as the historian tells us, and as the whole world knows, France soon forgot all her warnings; her religion had become a Godless materialism, her life a calculated sensuality, her literature a cynical journalism which sneered at religion, and a leprous fiction which tried to poison every pure and healthy home. She trusted in her armies, she trusted

in her soldiers, in the persiflage of her journalists, in her numbers and in her prestige. But all in vain. Her magnificence melted away like a vision of the Apocalypse and her great emperor became a despised and broken idol. France should beware lest in her case history repeats itself; for this very day, as we are celebrating here the success and the glory of this nation of ours for two hundred and fifty years, France, beautiful but badly governed,

France is dangerously near the brink of a volcano that even the waters of Niagara could not put out. And this great nation, this nation which is the tallest monument to Christianity that was ever erected by a Christian people in so short a time, this nation must take good care lest she forget the true source of her power. It is well at times to recall the fact that it was the Gospel of Jesus Christ that moulded the character of the Puritans. Before the Pilgrim fathers landed on Plymouth Rock they had planted their feet firmly on the Rock of Ages. They loved



THE OLD HOOK MILL

their homes and they loved the Church of God. They knew that the home and the church are divine institutions and they feel towards them as the beautiful Desdemona when she said to her father, "To you I am bound for life and education." The Spaniard came to these shores long before the Puritan; but where is the Spaniard now? The Frenchman came to this land and occupied territory in this country which is now comprised in eight of our United States; but

where now is Spanish-America and where are the French possessions? They all belong to us. Why? Why? Because of the Monroe doctrine, do you say? Why yes, if you please. But what was the power that was behind, that was below and was above the Monroe doctrine? I, for one, believe that it was Christianity, American Christianity, Teutonic Christianity, if you please Apostolic Christianity, that wrought this mighty marvel. Let it be declared that it was not Latin Christianity that made this nation great; it was not Spanish Christianity, nor French Christianity, nor Mexican Christianity. And the type of Christianity that made this nation great is the only Christianity that can keep it great and make it a little greater.

That is the religion which the Pilgrims and the Puritans brought to this land and which they planted in this village two hundred and fifty years ago. I will not detain you but a moment. It is the duty of the Christian church to preach the Gospel of Patriotism, and I am glad that my friend whom I love, paid that grand, the grandest tribute to our soldiers of the war to which I have ever listened. It is a grand thing to be a patriot, but patriotism and piety ought not to be bad friends. It is the duty of the Christian church to preach the Gospel of Patriotism, for the Gospel of Patriotism is a part of the Gospel of Jesus Christ. Good reason we have to revere our country. Good reason we have this day to thank our God, who has done such great things for us. Wherever we are able to make and to keep this nation the freest, the happiest and the mightiest nation, because the most Christian nation in the world, is the charge that an Almighty God has committed to all of our people. And by the grace of God our people will keep the true heart of their sons well

aimed in the right direction; aimed after truth, aimed after purity, holiness and religion: for purity in religion, purity in the Church, purity in politics, purity in the state; and may the hearts and hands of these be divinely strengthened for the performance of this patriotic and holy duty.

Chairman: I had engaged a man to give us his promise that if any speaker exceeded ten minutes, he would shoot him on the spot. While Dr. Talmage was speaking he either fell asleep or was charmed by the Doctor.

The Chairman then introduced Dr. Abel Huntington, who read an original ode, entitled "East Hampton's Sires."



A. HUNTINGTON, M.D.

EAST HAMPTON'S SIRES.

A Tribute.

BY DR. ABEL HUNTINGTON.

Read at the Celebration of the Two
Hundred and Fiftieth Anniver-
sary of the Town. August
24th, 1899.

For days and friends of
"Auld Lang Syne,"

Let memory strike her
chords and sing,

While we our brightest gar-
lands twine

O'er sacred dust low slumbering.

With honor crown that patriot band
Who reared their altars on this sod,
And consecrated this fair land
To Virtue, Liberty and God.

They came with purpose grand and high,
They toiled through weary days and nights,
They dared to nobly do and die
For Conscience and for Freemen's rights.

'Mid winter's snow, 'neath summer sun,
They steadfastly pursued their way;
And what their steadfastness hath won,
Stands manifest on this glad day.

Not mine to call them name by name,
 Their special virtues to extol;
 They bear no meagre meed of fame
 On Old Long Island's honor-roll.

Stern browed but wearing gentle hearts,
 Did peace invite, or war command
 They ready stood to do their parts
 So that they served their chosen land.

Not creature comforts all they sought,
 Here learning early found a seat;
 They counted not too dearly bought
 The higher life so full and sweet.

With stalwart arms and mental strength,
 And souls with moral health supplied,
 What wonder if they reared at length
 A home where all the graces vied.



TOWN POND

In pulpit, bar, on field of strife,
 Where-e'er men wrought they proudly went;
 Or were they called to homely life,
 Contentedly their days were spent.

But here, on this lone, self-beat isle,
 Here on this hallowed spot they stood,
 And as the years swept on the while,
 They laid foundations deep and good.

And so old Maidstone by the wave
 Was known through all the broad'ning land;
 Her influence for good she gave,
 And earned respect on every hand.

Yet not in loneliness of heart
 Dwelt Old East Hampton's colony;
 For woman came to bear her part
 And bless these homes beside the sea.

And like the benison of Heaven
To soothe and sweeten all their lives,
The blest companionship was given
Of mothers, sisters, daughters, wives.

Sweet were the impulses they gave
To choose the right and flee the wrong;
From all debasing things to save
And build a manhood pure and strong.

Tho' twice a century hath flown
And fifty added years beside;
Tho' the fair land they saved has grown
The wonder of the world so wide,

Still, since the fathers fell
asleep
Whose memory we sing
to-day,
Their faithful children on-
ward keep
The even tenor of their
way.

And all along the years that
lie
Between these days and
those long flown;
With gentle heart and un-
dimmed eye
They still their fathers'
virtues own.

At home, abroad, on tented field,
The sons of those old sires are found,
Or where the seas their treasures yield,
Or harvests bless the fertile ground.

Those "brave, proud men," those men of old
Live in their children, live to-day,
Tho' you "God's acre" keeps their mold,
Their memory will not pass away.

Down the long years, the years to come,
Their deeds, their virtues still shall stand
While hearts grow foud at name of home,
And Liberty shall bless our land.

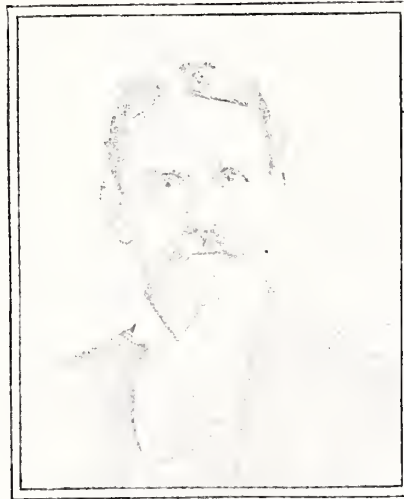
Rest ye proud souls of other days
Who grandly wrought and nobly won,

Rest 'neath your well-earned meed of praise
While others bear your triumphs on!

And thou, O restless sea, shall keep
Thy ceaseless chant upon the shore,
The lullaby that charms their sleep
Till time and sea shall be no more.

Chairman: I would say to the audience that
the best is to come. We have with us to-day
the Rev. Dr. David H. Greer a distinguished
Episcopalian minister, of New York City.
(Applause.)

Here the band interposed with a selection
from "Faust."



REV. DAVID H. GREER, D.D.

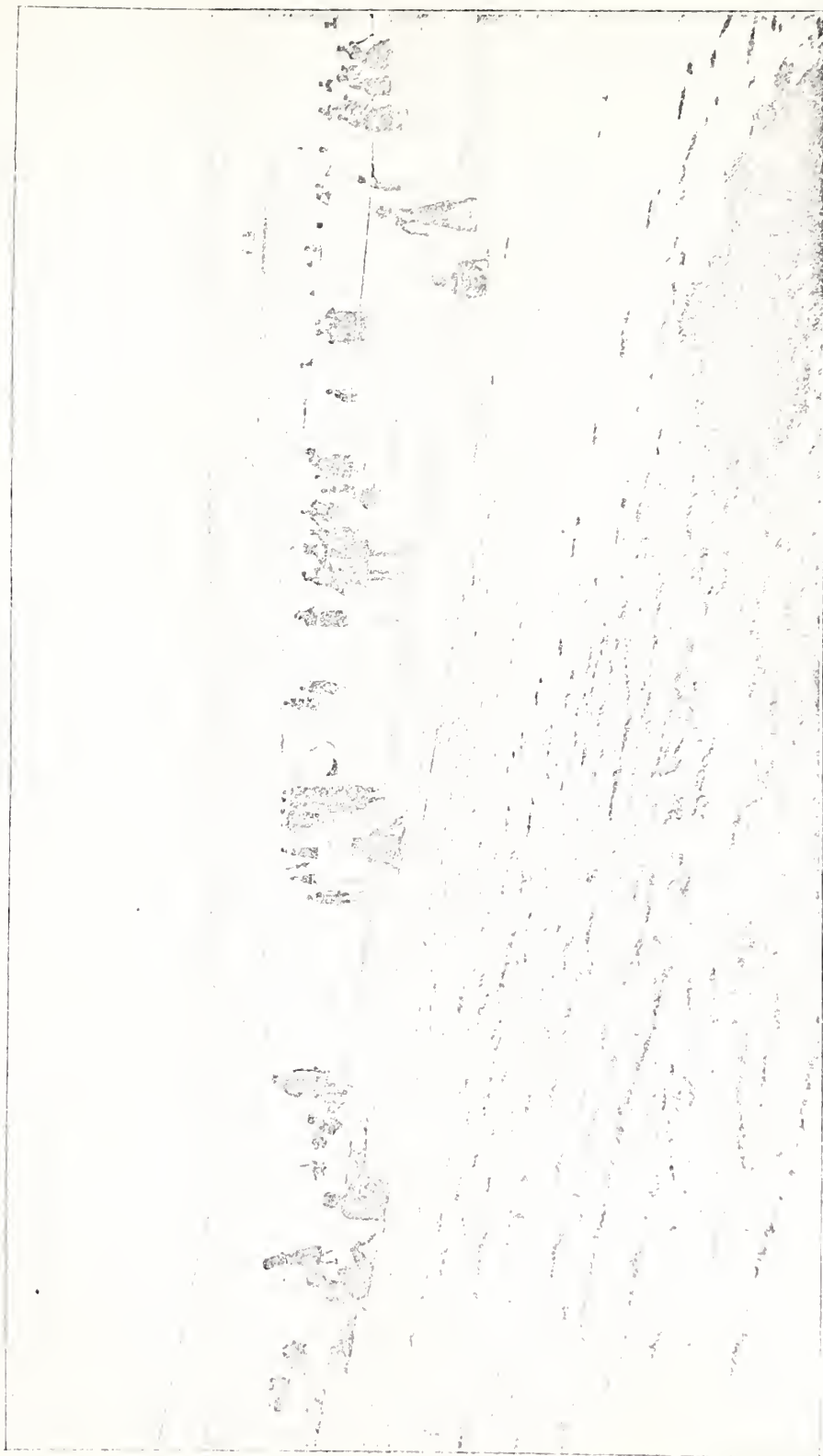
DR. GREER'S ADDRESS.

Mr. Chairman, Ladies and
Gentlemen:—I recall in this
connection the story of a
Scotch clergyman, was long-
preaching—I do not refer to
Dr. McLeod—and who was
describing the different prin-
cipal characters of the Bible
and then assigning them to
their respective places in the
other world; and when he
had passed down through the
Patriarchs and the Judges
and the Kings and had come
to the region of the Prophets,

and was describing the Prophet Zechariah,
and then asked "Where shall we place the
Prophet Zechariah in the next world?" some
one in the rear of the room called out,
"Mister, give him my place. I am going!"
And if the band wants my place I am per-
fectly willing to give it. (Laughter).

I regret exceedingly that I am not able to
make a very valuable contribution to this
interesting and memorable occasion in the
history of East Hampton. My knowledge of
it is limited. I have been personally acquainted
with it but for two short summers, and yet,
during that brief period of time I have learned
to appreciate its beauty and its worth.

It is not a big place, to be sure, and in that



SURF BATHING AT EAST HAMPTON

case cannot rank with others not so old. But bigness and greatness are not always convertible terms; quality is not always measured by quantity, nor character by size, and an increase of number does not always make or mean an increase of value. Two clocks together, each striking six, do not make it high noon. Two millions of people, who are simply two millions of people, just that and nothing more, do not of necessity register a higher type of life on the dial plate of social progress

here, they will find as much as they bring. Albeit, it is not a big place but it is a beautiful place: stimulating and suggestive to the thoughtful mind, it is peaceful and restful to the soul.

It has besides most interesting history. Without any extravagance of speech I may say that if I were a permanent resident of it, with the roots of my ancestry running back through all the successive generations of its history, to those primitive pioneers who two



VIEW OF TOWN POND FROM PUDDING HILL

than two thousand people do. (Prolonged applause). A little community may be larger than a big one, with a larger scope of thought, with a finer intelligence in it. I will not venture to say that this is the case with East Hampton lest it should offend the civic complacency of some of its summer visitors. But this I will venture to say, that whatever degree of intelligence or of intellectual culture they may bring with them when they come

hundred and fifty years ago planted it here in the wilderness and laid the foundation of it, I should regard it as a legitimate cause for a just and worthy pride. (Applause). Inasmuch, however, as I cannot at least have the satisfaction, as a comparative stranger in your midst, and paying this tribute to your history and offering to-day my hearty congratulations. It is a great thing, men and women, to have a history, not only as venerable but as honorable

as yours. It is a greater thing not to forget it, but to cherish it in the memory and to keep its traditions alive, and thus to keep in the worthiest sense the community itself alive. An eminent, living French writer, speaking of his own country, recognizing in it some symptoms of national decline, attributes that decline to a want of due respect upon the part of the French people for the traditions of the past. That is always a cause of decline, upon the part of any people. No real or true progress can be made which, while having an open eye for the needs and the duties and the responsibilities of the present, does not have within it a reverence for the past. That is the law of progress, of all progress. That is the method of growth, of all growth personal, social and national; not the repudiation of, or the breaking away from, the principles of the past, but carrying them on, those principles of the past, with all the stimulating memories and the inspirations in them into the unfolding exigencies of the future, and giving there a larger scope and application to them. (Prolonged applause).

If this occasion have any significance, beyond what is momentary and sentimental, that is the significance of it. That is the practical value of it, in the attempt which it makes in many and various ways to recall and review, for the guidance of the youth of the present, and for the inspiration of the future, the hallowed memories and principles of the past. Those principles cannot now be practically applied always as they were in the past, but in some instances it would not be amiss perhaps even to reproduce some of the practices of the past. (Applause). I find on looking over the annals of your town, for instance, this interesting and wholesome provision, that a fine of five pounds was the penalty to be imposed upon any person in the community indulging in slanderous gossip about his neighbor. (Applause). The historian adds, as a matter of record, that many men were taxed heavily in this respect because of the loquacity of their wives! (Laughter). Whether or not that statute still remains upon the book I do not know; per-

haps it does not. But, if East Hampton is to become in the future a large, fashionable place of summer resort, like some other large and fashionable places of summer resort, it might be profitable, both morally and pecuniarily, to attempt to revive that provision. (Prolonged applause and laughter).

As a rule, however, the wisdom of the present chiefly consists, not in the reproduction of the past, but in the perpetuation of the principles of the past. Standing upon the Past, facing toward the Future, thus like Dante's pilgrim, in climbing up the untravelled mountain side, we may be able to journey o'er that lonely steep, "with the hinder foot still firmer." Then will the life of the present seem to come naturally from and be united with the life of the past. Then will the life of both the present and the past enter in and contribute to the larger and the expanding life of the future. That is why you have been trying now to recall and review the past, not to be slavishly bound by it, not to be radically free from it, but in order thus to be able, like a well-instructed scribe, to bring out from its treasure house things both old and new! (Prolonged applause).

Chairman: Our next and last speaker is Dr. Paxton. (Applause).

SPEECH BY DR. JOHN R. PAXTON.

Mr. President:—Too much light dazzles; too much noise deafens; too much eloquence wearies. You are dead tired and so am I. I am glad I don't have to make an address. I was only asked to put in an appearance and to say, "How do you do?" If I did have to make an address, I would feel like that man whose wife died, and to whom at the funeral services the obsequious undertaker—undertakers are always obsequious—said, "Sir, you will please enter that first carriage and ride to the cemetery with your mother-in-law." To which the widower replied, "Sir, if I were to ride in the carriage with my mother-in-law, all the melancholy pleasure which I anticipated on this

occasion would be lost!" Now, if I had to make a speech I would feel that way. Thank the Lord I don't. We backlanders, we outsiders, simply come here to-day, not with weapons in our hands, not with a grudge or a grievance against East Hampton or anybody in it; we don't revolt against our taxes, we don't want any reformatory; we like you as you are and we want you to stay about the same, and now to-day we come here simply with a full heart and a cheerful countenance to congratulate the old wind-mills and the elms and the wide streets and the Mulfords and the Gardiners and the Hands and the Osbornes and the Hedges on your 250th birthday. It is a good old age and a good old stock that enables you to live so long. Most of our names are lost in three generations. Vices creep in, blood degenerates, passion conquers and children are weak, and the next generation idiots; and in the next generation there is no Joseph in the land; he is dead. But I tell you, sheer as you please at the Pilgrims, they had good stuff in them.

Here is a Hedges and a Mulford and a

Hand and a Stratton and an Osborne on this platform. Two hundred and fifty years ago to-day they settled this town, and their names still survive behind clear minds, open eyes and manly lives in this community.

That is something. I tell you the fountain was pure; there were no vices or those names would not have lived. Descendants of Puritans, that is what you are; you are not Pilgrims at all, or you would not have had any history to-day. I really will not talk to you more than two minutes. I am one of the men who have been talked about. Did not Dr.

Talmage tell you with marvelous eloquence about the heroes who marched through Washington? I am one of them, for I was there in the parade; so I am one of the worthies you see? (Laughter). The Pilgrims who came to Plymouth Rock were a fine set of middle-class Englishmen, gentle in manners, clean in life, but with tolerant mind, willing to let other people worship God as they wished and not molest them. The Pilgrim was a man who had an articulated backbone, who had joints in



COL. ABRAM GARDINER HOUSE
Residence David Gardiner

*Photographs by Wm. Wallace Tucker,
Sag Harbor.*



CLINTON ACADEMY, ERECTED 1754, BY REV. SAMUEL BULL.
First Academy in N. Y. State. Now Town Hall.

*By permission from "Historical New England," by
Katherine M. Abbott.*

it and who could bow. (Applause). That old Puritan was a hard fellow. The Pilgrims came in 1620 and settled Plymouth. The Puritan settled in 1630, and he was a separatist. He was a man who was for lib-

erty for himself, to worship God as he pleased, but if you differed from him he would cut off your head. Now, you people are Puritans, because the Puritans in Boston emigrated to Connecticut, and you are part of the people who settled there. I am not a Puritan, but a Scotch-Irishman like Dr. Greer. What's in a name? My friends there is a good deal in a name. I wonder if you were to call a rose by an ugly name would it be as sweet and attractive. Does not a rose have every inducement to climb up out of the garden and say, "Now, look, here I am, going



to do my best? I am a Marechale Neil; I have got to live up to my reputation." So the rose looks up and sucks the sweet dew and the sunshine from heaven, and then smells sweetly for every passerby the live-long day. Did you ever see a little crooked-legged fellow called Hannibal Cæsar? Is not the thought ridiculous? Big men ought to have big names. The rest of you have got the very names to suit you; and you people with the names of Hedges and Hand and Stratton and Osborne have the high-

est incentive in the world to be decent men, to live up to your dead sires. Live up to them, you Pilgrims and you Puritans. For to-day, as Brother Talmage says, is the best day that ever was, for it is here and you and I are alive. (Applause).

Presentation of prizes.

Overture to William Tell, by the band.

Benediction, by the Rev. C. H. Gardiner.

THE DECORATIONS.

The decorations, not only the public and official features, but the almost universal adornment of private houses, were unusually tasteful and artistic. Granted that our flag is one of the most beautiful (sentimentally speaking) in the world, and that the "red, white and blue"—which by-the-bye, we share with other nations—may be successfully used in a decorative scheme in combination with a great many other things, it must be owned that there is a certain crudeness about these hues, which demands subduing, and other less violent colors lend themselves to better effect in combination with the natural and heaven-sent material for decorations which may be found in every field and bit of wood.

The Committee on Decoration showed excellent judgment in allowing the newly-raised flag on the splendid staff to be the only representative of the National colors in the official decorations, and those houses along the line of march where the flag was most sparingly used were unquestionably the most attractive.

At the Presbyterian Church a graceful colonnade of Colonial pillars connected by garlands of bay leaves, fronted the street, and the speaker's stand was hidden with leaf-green drapery.

But the crowning beauty was at the central point of interest surrounding the flagpole on the

village green, whose triangular space was enclosed by a range of Venetian masts, connected by garlands of bay leaves wound with pink and pale buff ribbons. Each mast was also wreathed in greens and the colors in alternation, and each was surmounted by a fish-tail banner pink on one side, buff on the other. These masts and wreaths began at the graveyard, and enclosed the whole space to a point opposite Buell's Lane, where was the judges' stand, also simply draped in pink and buff, with garlands of bay. And be it noted that this was the real bay, not an imitation, but the pungent leaves and waxy berries plucked from the bay thickets with which East Hampton township abounds. In the triangular space so enclosed there had grown and blossomed in the night the freshest, daintiest array of tiny trees, a peach or cherry orchard of leafless branches, thick with buds and flowers, which all East Hampton had been busily making for three days past, that an early visitor, arriving before the orchard had been arranged, was heard to remark, on seeing the little tree on the corner of Buell's Lane which some kind fairies had decked the evening before: "Oh, see this tree! The warm rain has made it blossom!"

The Signal Station (O. H. Northrop's) had hung out all the fair and foul weather signals, to meet any emergency of weather, topping all

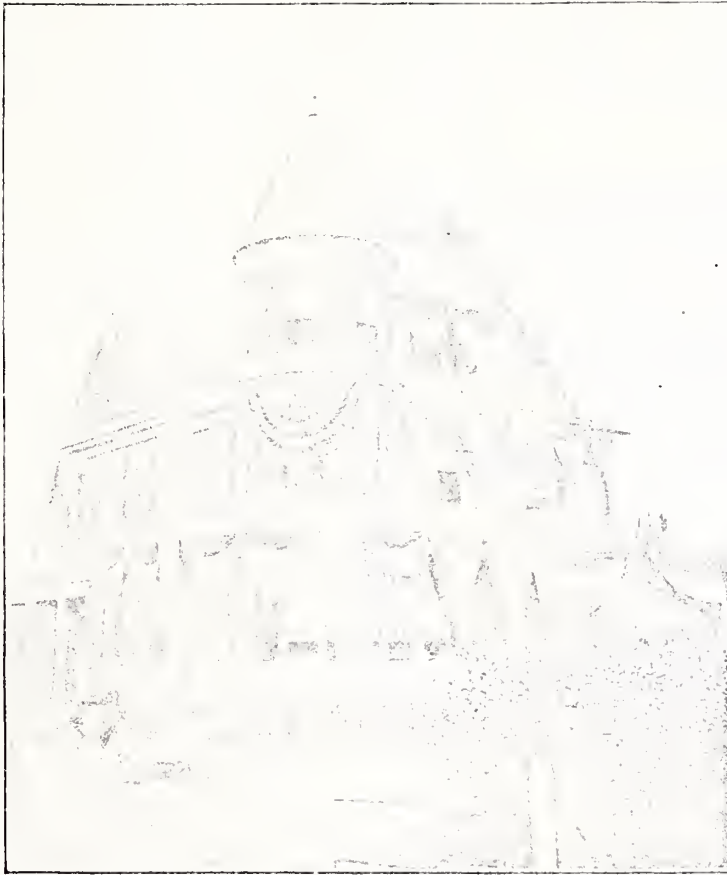
with the Stars and Stripes. The Montauk bakery, on the other hand, seemed trying to symbolize the good feeling between conquered and conquerors by mingling the Spanish colors with our own.

The Methodist Church, Jaffee, Strong's, Gay's and in fact all in sight below the Hook had flags, as had Mrs. Ann Parsons, N. W. Barns and W. O. Rackett. Doctor Bell had a

Meyer, A. A. Roy, F. E. Grimshaw, E. Dayton, VanScay & Dayton and W. F. Muchmore. The first noteworthy place was the house of A. M. Payne, where a pair of old family portraits were draped with flags, while at George Hand's, directly opposite, a noble old flag which "long had braved the battle and the breeze" was the only and sufficient ornament.

Mrs. Charles Parsons had a portrait of

Nathaniel Hunting, with the dates, 1695-1899 in red on a white ground, framed in wreaths of privet, the windows and piazza being further decorated with sprays of privet. David Gardiner, flags, large and small. D. E. Osborne, green and yellow streamers, centering at a shield of sun-flowers. Mrs. Gay's very artistic draperies of pale green, caught at door and windows by wreaths of bay leaves. "Millfield," Mrs. Thomas Manson's newly-named house, had the dates in large red letters, deeply embedded in the mass of vines which cover the front of her beautiful old Colonial house; a simple drapery of red looped at intervals by English and American flags, completed the decorations. Mr. Thomas Gardiner had a huge flag suspended between two of the grand old trees, others draped over his porch, while his garden was made to "blossom as the rose" by flowers of all kinds on anything but the "parent stem."



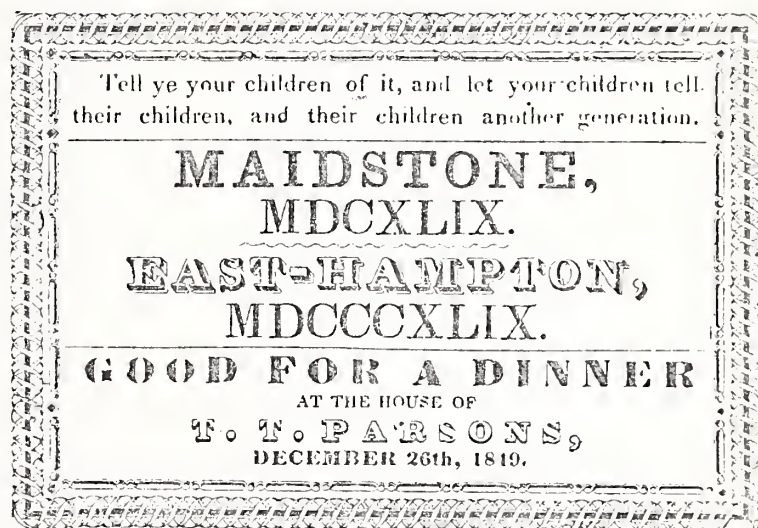
DECORATIONS ON RESIDENCE OF J. EDWARD HUNTING

tasteful decoration of vines, asparagus and golden-rod outlining porch and windows. A. O. Jones had two arches, one of sun-flowers, the other of red, white and blue with the dates, 1649-1899. From this point to the Post-Office and beyond, flags and draperies in National colors were seen on the houses of Dr. Ives, Dr. Howell, Dr. Rogers, C. Schenck, Felix Dominy, C. W. Edwards, Frank Loris, Isaac

"Applegates," Mrs. J. M. Goetehius, was simple, embowered in green with wreaths tied with scarlet ribbon; while the cottage of R. U. Johnson had a colonnade (after St. Peter's at Rome) of Venetian masts wreathed in green and yellow, and joined by yellow streamers. Mr. Joseph Osborne's old house—one of the oldest remaining in a place where there seems to be a craze for destroying the old and historic

—had two noble garlands across the front, and a banner of deep yellow at one side, while an arch of greenery spanned the gate. Mrs. Henry Conkling had the porch embowered in vines and hung with over thirty Japanese lanterns of brilliant colors, which made a gorgeous effect in the evening. Mr. Hunter, Mr. Hayden, Mrs. Rogers, Mrs. Hewitt, all flags. S. A. Gregory, besides having his windows set in a very pretty arrangement of pink and green, had the front of his store covered with a climbing rose in full bloom. F. McCann, flags. Charles H. Butler, large flags and the dates 1649-1899 beautifully worked in golden-rod, across the porch. Mrs. Chadwick, porch draped with Spanish draperies and ferns. Mrs. Stimpson, a fine large flag and some Yale banners. Mr. Skidmore, deep red draperies and green along the piazza. "Uncle Harry Mulford," an archway of golden-rod and "Home, Sweet Home" in letters in green on a white ground, forming a canopy above his usual seat. Mrs. Satterlee, A. Huntington, Mrs. J. D. Hedges, flags; Mrs. Nourse, Dr. Solly, the same. Mrs. Hite, pale pink and yellow, very tasteful; Osborne House had a very tasteful drapery of blue and yellow; Doctor Herriek, beside the usual flags, had a big iron pot and a pudding bag (an allusion to the name of his place "Pudding Hill") on one of his gateposts. Doctor Munroe and Charles Thompson, flags. Mrs. Bowne, beautiful decoration of yellow and white bunting outlining the porch, and mingled with yellow and white flowers, Mrs. James Gallatin, pink buff and green draperies, with wheat leaves and corn, one of the most effective and artistic seen. Mrs. Bates, Mrs. Terbell, Mrs. Rae, Mr. Warren Smith, Mr. Quackenbush, Mr. Adams and Mr. Potter, all flags; Mrs. Vaughan varied the monotony by adding the English and French colors,

while Mr. Carson had a handsome shield of flags and a tiny flag fluttering at each post of a long stretch of rustic fence; a very pretty and unique feature. All beyond this on Divinity Hill had flags, as had the dwellers in Hunting Lane, Mr. Woodhouse, J. E. Huntington, Mr. Coles. While in Egypt, Mr. Hudson had an archway of flags and greenery, and Ruger Donoho, drapery in two shades of pale pink outlining the porch of his picturesque old house, the vines on which had suddenly blossomed out in late roses of every hue, while a handsome pair of rubber plants were covered with pink and white camellias.



REPRODUCTION OF THE DINNER TICKET ISSUED AT THE 200TH ANNIVERSARY OF EAST HAMPTON, 1849

CELEBRATION COMMITTEES.

EXECUTIVE COMMITTEE.

- B. H. Van Scoy, Chairman.
- Joseph S. Osborne, Treasurer, and Chairman of Finance Committee.
- J. Edward Huntington, Secretary, and Chairman of Committee on Construction and Location.
- Rev. J. D. Stokes, Chairman of Reception Committee.
- Ruger Donoho, Chairman of Committee on Decoration.
- Charles Henry Butler, Chairman of Committee on Morning Exercises and Parade.
- Henry D. Hedges, Chairman of Committee on Afternoon and Evening Exercises.

COMMITTEE ON FINANCE.

Jos. S. Osborne, Chairman and Treasurer.
 Frederic Gallatin, C. G. Thompson,
 L. G. Woodhouse, Geo. W. Stockley,
 Mrs. H. B. Dayton, Miss Mary Ireland,
 E. Clifford Potter.

George A. Miller, John H. Hand, Wains.,
 G. S. Schellinger, Anna., Frank Stratton,
 D. E. Osborne, Edward M. Baker,
 J. G. Thorp, Mrs. B. M. Osborne,
 Mrs. S. J. Tyler, Mrs. J. Finley Bell,
 Mrs. F. A. Cartwright, W. W. Tooker, S. H.,
 B. D. Sleight, S. H., Mrs. Charles Parsons.

COMMITTEE ON CONSTRUCTION AND LOCATION.

J. Edward Hunting, Chairman.
 S. S. Conklin, John W. Hand,
 Condit S. Miller, Hiram Sherrill,
 George A. Eldredge, James M. Strong, Sr.,
 Jacob O. Hopping.

COMMITTEE ON MORNING EXERCISES
AND PARADE.

Charles Henry Butler, Chairman.
 George H. Hand, B. Z. Griffing,
 Wm. A. Wheelock, Warren G. Smith,
 Nathaniel Dominy, Jr. E. Percy Moran,
 E. R. Hewitt, Goelet Gallatin,
 Edwards Johnson, Dr. Geo. E. Munroe,
 Charles Jefferys, Jr., Mrs. F. H. Bosworth,
 Mrs. John D. Hedges, Mrs. H. D. Hedges,
 Miss Jewett, Miss Eiditz.
 W. G. Smith, Chairman Parade Committee.
 Miss C. Eiditz, Chairman Prize Committee.

COMMITTEE ON AFTERNOON AND EVENING
EXERCISES AND MUSIC.

Henry D. Hedges, Chairman.
 J. T. Gardiner, T. R. Barnes,
 Nathan Dayton, E. S. Boughton,
 Roger Foster, Theron G. Strong,
 Mrs. J. S. Osborne, Mrs. Satterlee,
 Mrs. C. J. Nourse, Mrs. F. H. Davies,
 Miss Jean Stokes.

COMMITTEE ON DECORATIONS.

Ruger Donoho, Chairman.
 Josiah Dayton, S. A. Gregory,
 Mrs. W. F. Muchmore, Mrs. W. H. Harrison,
 Albert Herter, Mrs. T. L. Manson, Jr.,
 Mrs. S. Tillinghast, Mrs. Mary L. Hedges,
 Mrs. Charles DeKay, W. W. Steel,
 Mrs. A. M. Payne, Dr. F. L. Ives,
 W. St. J. Harper, Mrs. Albert Herter,
 J. Leon Moran, E. Percy Moran,
 Miss Mary Tillinghast.

RECEPTION AND AUXILIARY COMMITTEE.

Rev. J. D. Stokes, Chairman.
 Rev. C. Gardiner, B. H., Rev. James Leggett,
 T. D. Dimon, C. E. C. Homan,
 Capt. J. B. Edwards, E. S. Boughton,
 Jere. H. Mulford, DeWitt C. Talmage,

LETTERS OF REGRET.

The following letters of regret were received
 by E. S. Boughton, Secretary of Committee on
 Afternoon Exercises:

From Rev. J. Jay Harrison.

SAG HARBOR, Aug. 18, 1899.

DEAR SIR:—Your favor of yesterday, asking
 me to address the people of East Hampton at
 the celebration, on the 24th inst., of the two
 hundred and fiftieth anniversary of the settle-
 ment of the town, came duly to hand. I re-
 gret to say that a most inopportune sickness
 still lingering in part, compels me to forego the
 pleasure of being with you on that occasion.

I am proud of the record of my adopted town.
 Not only is her story old and crowned with
 the majesty of repeated centuries, but her
 character from the beginning bore the im-
 matched Puritan stamp which has been so po-
 tent in shaping the history of our nation, and
 in consequence of her insular position, she has
 perhaps more than any community, preserved
 the purity of that heroic strain unmixed even
 to our time. In her early days she bore for a
 definite period the attributes, and wielded the
 powers of sovereignty. When her charter
 was demanded by a royal governor of New
 York, she answered in a protest fit to stand as
 a classic, to rank not far behind the compact in
 the cabin of the Mayflower. She has sent out
 her sons to shape materially the counsels of the
 State and of the Nation, and one of her
 daughters, in the White House, has been the
 queen of our Republican court.

But the pride and strength of East Hamp-
 ton, as is the real pride and strength of any
 people, has been her sturdy yeomanry. This
 solid and intelligent estate has been the source
 of energy and the basis of stability in English

and American institutions, and for the want of it our sister republic across the sea is now struggling in a death-grip of treachery and intrigue. Nowhere has this element been found more pronounced and dominant than in the borough of East Hampton through these two hundred and fifty years. Yet this vigor of character, and energy of self-assertion have been so tempered by justice and clemency toward a weak race hopelessly out-mastered, that the descendants of the aborigines still live in peace within our borders, and have patient

To make by force their merit known,
And live to clutch the golden keys,
And mould a mighty state's decrees.
With best wishes for the success of your celebration, I am,

Very Respectfully Yours,
J. JAY HARRISON.

From Judge Wilmot M. Smith.

PATCHOGUE, N. Y., Aug. 17, 1899.

MY DEAR SIR:—I regret my inability to attend the celebration of the two hundred and



RESIDENCE OF DR. EVERETT HERRICK, PUDDING HILL
ONE OF THE FIRST SUMMER RESIDENCES BUILT IN EAST HAMPTON

hearing in our courts of law. I trust, Sir, that your committee and its helpers, in their work next Thursday, will so impress the people of our town with the worth of their great inheritance from these centuries, that not only may the present generation take consciousness of the dignity and responsibility of living, but that our youth may be inspired, all of them, to conscientious and intelligent endeavor to continue and expand the noble story of East Hampton, and some of them

fiftieth anniversary of the settlement of the town of East Hampton on the 24th instant. After working nearly all summer at my home in Patchogue I am just preparing to take a short vacation out of the State before the opening of the courts in the Fall. It has always been a source of great gratification to me that some of my ancestors on the maternal side, were among the early settlers of East Hampton. While not until recently has the town begun to make material progress commensurate with its

wonderful natural advantages, its citizenship has always illustrated in a remarkable degree, the best qualities of the New England ancestry of its inhabitants.

The town may worthily rejoice in its past and anticipate with assurance a glorious future.

Yours truly,

WILMOT M. SMITH.

From Ex-Senator C. H. Adams.

EAST HAMPTON, August 15, 1899.

MY DEAR SIR :—I beg to acknowledge the receipt of your letter of yesterday's date conveying to me the wish of the Committee of Arrangements in charge of the proposed celebration on the 24th inst., that I should participate in the exercises of the day by delivering an address appropriate to the occasion. I would, if possible, gladly avail myself of the compliment your committee has paid me, but am now unfortunately under a medical dictatorship, and must reluctantly decline.

I trust that the occasion may exceed the anticipations of the promoters, and a half century hence, when another anniversary occurs, may many of those present on this occasion, looking down the calendar of time, revert with pleasure to the part they took in the celebration of August 24, 1899.

May East Hampton enter upon her new cycle of existence with the brightest hopes for her future advancement and prosperity, and may all such hopes be realized. Thanking you for the courtesy of your note, and the committee for their consideration.

I am, dear sir,

Yours most truly,

CHAS. H. ADAMS.

From Judge H. E. Howland.

SOUTHAMPTON, L. I., Aug. 14.

E. S. BOUGHTON, ESQ., Secretary.

MY DEAR SIR :—I have your very kind invitation to attend the celebration of the two hundred and fiftieth anniversary of the settlement of the town of East Hampton and to deliver an address. I regret very much that

another engagement of a similar nature will prevent my accepting it. I have to be in New Hampshire the last week in August to take part in celebrating what the Governor of the State calls "Old House week" in my native town of Walpole; I am down for a speech. I should enjoy coming to East Hampton very much and but for this engagement would do so.

Thanking you for the invitation and with sincere regrets, I am,

Very truly yours,

H. E. HOWLAND.

RAISING OF THE FLAG-POLE.

Great as was the success of East Hampton's celebration, with its well-managed parade and beautiful decorations, its music and fine speaking, and its crowds of strangers, the one really inspiring spectacle was witnessed on the previous day by a comparatively small number of people. The splendid ninety-foot "stick" with its fifty-foot top-mast which together were to make the tallest flag staff on Long Island, had finished its journey from Oregon on Monday.

Teams had hauled them from the station to the village green, where preparations for the raising had been made under the direction of J. O. Hopping. To most people the raising of the flag was the event, but to the fortunate few who lived near enough to see what was going on, the raising of the pole was more exciting, more fascinating, far the finer spectacle in every way. It was a sight there was no getting away from; no matter what the business that called one to the other end of the town, it was always a hurry to get back, for fear the staff should have "gone up" in the meantime. Of course it had not gone up, there were hours of work, and shouting of contrary orders, and planting of timbers, and tightening of chains and hauling upon ropes, before they even thought of beginning to raise it; but everyone in the immediate neighborhood, went about their work with one eye on the pole, and even ate their meals in a hurry, lest

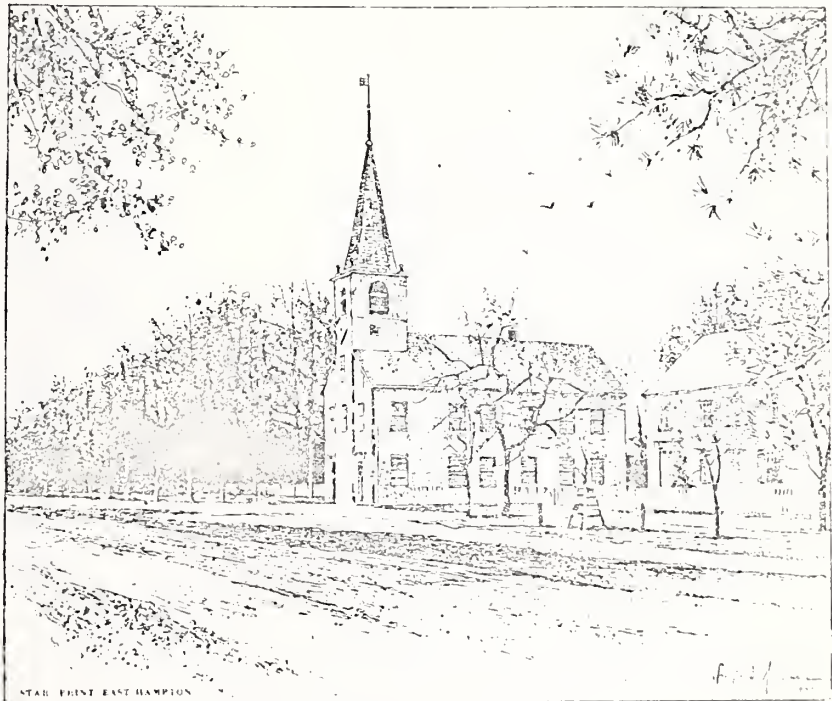
"something should happen" while they were not there. The street and green too, were a picturesque sight, with the teams, and the men in their everyday wear, the "working clothes" of dull reds, blues and ruddy browns which are always so much more becoming to big, muscular men than the dignity of their best "Sunday-go-to-meeting" garments. The committee on decoration, with their numerous helpers were at work in a field near by, producing that wondrous growth of spring blossoms destined later to turn the green into a fairy orchard, magically evoked during the night. Great cables stretched in every direction, heavy timbers bound with chains leaned at angles away from the slender derrick which looked so much too small to raise the grand staff which lay all along the green.

It was noon and more before the derrick was properly set, and the tackles adjusted, so the actual hoisting did not commence until about two o'clock, when a big, gray horse was hitched to a capstan and began a weary, steady round. Herman Melville has called the horse "a four-legged gentleman in a leathern overall," so it does not seem out of place that the name of the faithful, patient worker, who really raised the pole, should go on record here. It was Pat, the property of J. O. Hopping.

Slowly, slowly, the great pole rose in the air; the men were quieter now, and the real business of raising, settling into place and levelling went on with much less shouting than the previous hours of preparation. When it was at last in place, the hero of the day, Captain "Joe" Sherwood, old sea-captain, sixty-

five years old, but hale and hearty as a younger man, went aloft in a sling, and began the skilled and critical work which gave East Hampton her flag-staff in its perfection.

First the top-mast was sent up to him, carefully guided, so that it slipped through its iron hoops to just the proper height; then guy-ropes and halliards were cast off and dropped, Captain Sherwood working at that dizzy height with a deliberation and calmness which some of the excited crowd below might have envied. Now the golden eagle was hoisted up to him,



STAR PRINT EAST HAMPTON

THE OLD CHURCH ERECTED 1717

still in its wrappings of tissue paper; it swung aloft, guided away from a too rough contact with the pole according to Captain Sherwood's orders, called down in a clear deep voice. He caught and swung it to its proper level, then rising erect he stood on the truck of the pole, holding the eagle with his left hand, his right grasping the iron rod on the top-mast, which was level with his shoulder. One moment he steadied himself, and then came the dramatic instant of the day; taking the eagle in both his hands, he lifted it shoulder high and slid it

down into place on the slender iron rod on which it turns. Breathless silence paid its tribute of awe and admiration to this feat, but as the old bird slid into place a resounding cheer burst forth, called out irresistibly by such an exhibition of coolness, skill and courage.

The placid tone in which, after the cheering had died away, Captain Sherwood asked if he should take off the paper wrappings, the unconcerned way in which, still standing on his

SONG OF EAST HAMPTON.

Written for the Occasion

BY ROBERT UNDERWOOD JOHNSON.

Air: "Happy are we to-night, boys."

I

Merry are Maidstone moors, boys,
Happy is Hampton dune,
The moon's soft light be yours, boys,
On misty nights of June.



MAIN STREET

tiny foothold, he felt in either pocket for his knife to cut the string, were calming to the excited feelings with which he had been watched, but they only deepened the impression his splendid work had made, and when he at last came down to the level of ordinary mortals it was to be greeted with cordial hand-shakings and congratulations, and the presentation of a sum of money collected for him by his fellow-workmen.

And when the far midsummer star is sparkling
through the elm,
Let Youth be at the prow, boys, and Pleasure
at the helm.

II

Merry is Maidstone beach, boys,
Happy is Hampton lane,
And the word of each to each, boys,
Shall banish gloom and pain,

Oh, swift the flight of the summer bright
 when joy is at the flood,
 And the postman's cheery gallop, boys,
 makes rhyme within the blood.

III.

(To be sung by male voices.)

Merry are Maidstone maids, boys,
 As wholesome as the surf,
 And the face that Winter fades, boys,
 Is brown as the new-turned turf.
 Their hearts are gay as the dashing spray,
 oh, sweet their hearts and true.
 And it's sing and whistle and shout, boys,
 the happy season through.

IV.

(To be sung by female voices.)

Jolly are Hampton boys, girls,
 In sea, or field, or lake.
 Of all their manly joys, girls,
 As comrades you partake.
 When, strong and brave, with the crashing
 wave they grapple free from fear.
 Then Maidstone maids are safe, girls, for
 Hampton boys are near.

V.

(To be sung by all.)

Happy are Hampton homes, boys,
 As Hampton homes should be,
 And he who sadly roams, boys,
 Finds here felicity.
 Like him who sang the exile's pang and Hamp-
 ton's leafy row,
 You're glad when you have come, boys, and
 sorry when you go.

EAST HAMPTON 1649-1899.

The show is done. The crowd is gone.
 The boastful noise has died away.
 And memory's picture stays alone
 To mark East Hampton's natal day.

Our Pilgrim fathers on this sod
 Planted for children yet to come
 The common school, the church of God,
 Town meeting and the peaceful home.

Clean record hath our commonwealth;
 They feared the Lord those men of old,
 Nor sought to take by sword or stealth
 The heathen's life, or land, or gold.
*God of our sires be with us yet
 Lest their presumptuous sons forget.*

GEO. A. MILLER.

Springs, E. H., Sept. 4, 1899.



A BIT OF SIDEWALK

REPORT OF THE EXECUTIVE COMMITTEE.

The Executive Committee of the celebration of the 250th anniversary of the settlement of the town of East Hampton held its final meeting on Tuesday, September 19, 1899. The following business was transacted and reports prepared for publication and the meeting adjourned *sine die*.

The treasurer stated that subscriptions had been received from the following persons in sums varying from fifty cents to \$100 and amounting in the aggregate to \$1,155 in cash, besides the services rendered by many of the

subscribers in work on the pole and platform and in other directions tending to the success of the celebration. The list is as follows :

Ladies' Village Improvement Society.	Frank Loris
Van Scoy & Dayton	Wm. B. Bennett
G. Ruger Donoho	Dr. J. N. Steele
Christian Schenck	B. M. Osborne
Joseph S. Osborne	Dr. F. H. Markoe
DeWitt C. Talmage	Dr. G. E. Munroe
S. A. Gregory & Co.	Edward A. Penniman
H. R. Coles	Mrs. H. C. Stimson
Condit S. Miller	Wm. M. Carson
Fred McCann	Chas. G. Taylor
A. M. Payne	Dr. E. Herrick
Mrs. A. M. Payne	R. U. Johnson
B. Z. Griffing	Mrs. Dominick
T. E. Babcock	H. R. Butler
Max Williams	M. B. Lockwood
James E. Gay	J. D. Bowne
I. Meyer	Dr. Abel Huntington
D. E. Osborne	Mrs. Sahler
Mrs. Ann Gay	Geo. E. Filer
S. H. Parsons	Isaac J. Greenwood
Chas. Mott	J. D. Skidmore
H. D. Hedges	J. G. Thorp
Mrs. H. D. Hedges	Dr. F. L. Ives
F. S. Stratton	E. M. Osborne
C. O. Gould	Alban Richey
S. Tillinghast	L. G. Woodhouse
D. W. Talmage	Jeremiah Huntington
E. S. Boughton	George B. Conklin
C. E. C. Homan	Flack & Hooper
H. C. Filer	W. B. Lester
C. W. Edwards	George T. Osborne
George A. Eldredge	Sing Lee
H. L. Van Scoy	G. A. Hand
Charles S. Dayton	F. E. Grimshaw, Sr.
J. H. King	Julius King
W. S. Everest	Alfred A. Roy
Devine & Hedges	S. C. M. Talmage
Wm. Hedges, Sr.	Leroy O. Edwards
James M. Hedges	Levi L. Howell
W. M. Jones	A. O. Jones
Chas. G. Tompson	H. Sherrill
Frederick Gallatin	S. C. Grimshaw
Wm. A. Wheelock	W. F. Muchmore
J. T. Gardiner	J. F. Bell
Warren G. Smith	R. M. Parsons
C. H. Butler	Wm. O. Rackett
Roger Foster	N. W. Barns
Emma Washburn	S. J. Lynch
Felix Pominy	C. B. Conklin
Henry James	Wm. Gay
P. B. Spring	John Mulligan
Aner Sperry	Mrs. A. E. Hedges
	D. J. Gardiner

A. E. Sherrill
James M. Strong, Sr.
I. E. Conklin
George Lisburg
Frank Givens
T. R. Barns
W. H. Collins
J. D. Hedges
J. E. Huntting
S. S. Conklin
J. Flannery
Robert N. Kenyon
F. H. Tillinghast
Jeremiah H. Mulford
J. W. Hand
A. Jaffee
James A. Hayden
W. M. Skidmore
Geo. N. Stockley
H. L. Hobart
R. Heber Newton
J. Henry Barns
W. W. Steele and wife
Mary Catharine Smith
T. A. Brouwer, Jr.
O. H. Northrop
C. S. Parsons and wife
Charles H. Adams
Wm. H. Bradford

Dr. T. DeWitt Talmage
Dr. J. R. Paxton
Children's Fair
Geo. A. Miller
S. Quackenbush
Miss Brown
Mrs. Goetchins
Mr. and Mrs. Potter
Dr. Richey
W. D. Parsons
E. H. Cartwright
Lizzie Cartwright
H. H. Peters
P. S. Ely
Mrs. Wigham
Mrs. Belknap
Mrs. Manson
John Monks
J. E. Bates
Samuel H. Edwards
D. S. Sherrill
Wm. A. Hedges
Mrs. Draper
The Misses Ireland
Mrs. Nesbit
C. P. B. Jefferys
Dr. Henry Conklin
E. Dayton
and others.

On motion was seconded and carried :

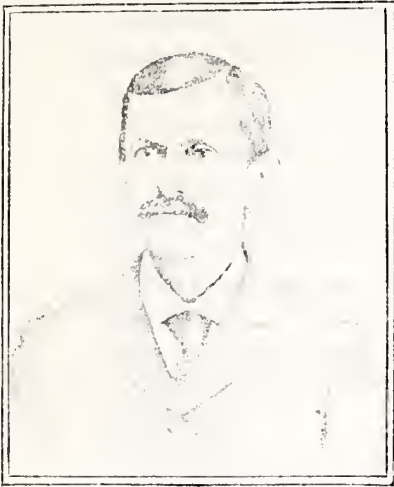
Resolved. That the thanks of the Executive Committee be extended to all the subscribers to the fund as well as to those who aided by their efforts towards the success of the celebration of the 250th anniversary of the settlement of the town of East Hampton, and the secretary be instructed to notify them of this action of the committee.

On motion seconded and carried :

Resolved. That the thanks of the Executive Committee be especially extended to the executive officers of the Long Island Railroad Company for their courtesy in transporting the band and in connection with the transportation of the pole, and that the secretary be instructed to notify the President of this action of the committee.

On motion seconded and carried :

That the thanks of the Executive Committee be especially extended to J. O. Hopping for his efficient services in raising the flag-pole on the village green of the town of



JOSEPH S. OSBORNE
TREASURER OF COMMITTEE



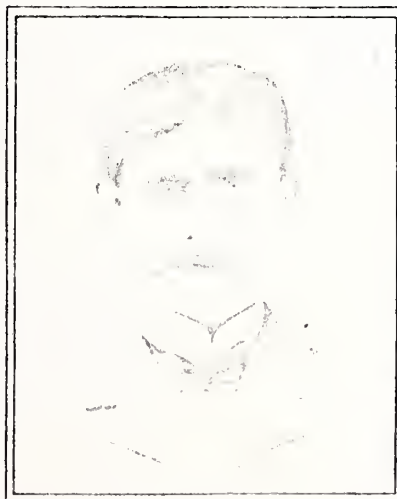
BENJAMIN H. VAN SCOY
PRESIDENT OF CELEBRATION COMMITTEE



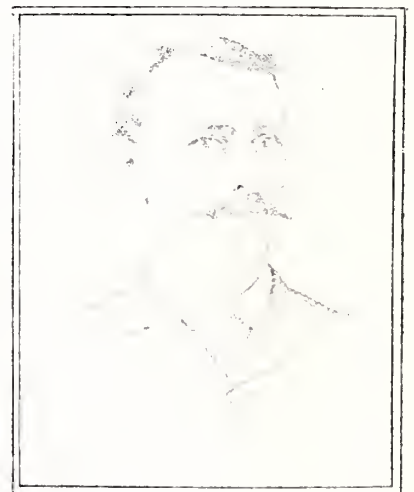
CHARLES HENRY BUTLER



REV. JOHN D. STOKES



J. EDWARD HUNTING
SECRETARY OF COMMITTEE



HENRY D. HEDGES

East Hampton, on August 22 and 23, 1899, and the secretary be instructed to notify him accordingly.

The treasurer submitted a statement of expenditures. The greater part of the payments having been made pursuant to direction of the Executive Committee at previous meetings, the account of the treasurer was audited and he was discharged as to payments aggregating \$1,308.69, leaving a balance of \$79.83 in his hands for further accounting, to be applied as hereafter directed.

The items approved at this meeting were as follows:

For cost of pole, eagle, truck, halyards (F. O. B.) Long Island City.....	\$ 505.00
For flag.....	56.00
For Committee on Location and Construction, including freight from Long Island City and cartage of pole, erection of pole, filling in and cement, timber for base of pole, timber for and erection of platform for afternoon exercises.....	151.98
(These items would have been materially increased if it were not for the liberal contributions in materials and services by the members of the committee, all of whom donated their entire time to the matter for several days.)	
For music, including entertainment of the band, (the Long Island Railroad Company furnished free transportation for the entire band, thus saving an expense of over \$100).....	210.00
For prizes offered by the committee for the morning parade.....	140.75
Besides this amount prizes were presented by Messrs. Chas. G. Thompson, Wm. A. Wheelock, B. H. Van Scoy, C. L. W. Eidlitz, A. A. Roy, E. B. Muchmore, W. L. Skidmore, Geo. W. Stockley and C. H. Butler, amounting in value to about \$100 additional.	
For labor, suits and iron work.....	74.95
For decorations, by the Committee on Decorations.....	112.28
Besides this amount appropriated for decorations, the members of the committee personally expended a considerable sum and many of the ladies devoted a great deal of time to making the decorations, which were so effective on the village green.	
For invitations, postage, printing, stationery and sundry expenses connected with the parade and afternoon exercises.....	57.73
This amount would have been much larger had not the members of the com-	

mittee personally defrayed a large amount of petty cash expenditures.	
Total of above items.....	\$ 1,308.69
Balance in Treasurer's hands.....	79.83
Total.....	\$ 1,388.52
Total paid in, including material sold.....	\$ 1,345.52
To be paid.....	43.00
Total.....	\$ 1,388.52

On motion seconded and carried:

Resolved, That Henry D. Hedges and Chas. H. Butler be appointed a special committee with power to attend to the painting of the pole, grading around the base and erection of a suitable fence or railing, and that the treasurer be authorized to pay the balance in his hands for such work on the order of said committee, and thereupon be discharged from all further obligation for the entire amount in his hands as treasurer of this committee.

On motion seconded and carried:

Resolved, That the thanks of this committee be extended to E. S. Boughton for the great help and assistance given by him in connection with the celebration and for the correct and exhaustive report of the proceedings published in the EAST HAMPTON STAR, and further

Resolved, That this committee expresses the hope that Mr. Boughton will assume the task of issuing a full report of the proceedings of the celebration, and that he will meet with a hearty response from the people of East Hampton which will justify him in the publication.

There being no further business the committee adjourned *sine die*.

J. E. B. Bunting
Chas. H. Butler
J. B. B. B. B.
John S. B. B.
B. B. B. B.
J. B. B. B.
H. D. Hedges

CHRONOLOGICAL LIST OF EVENTS IN THE HISTORY OF EAST HAMPTON.

- | | | | |
|-------|--|----------|--|
| 1639. | Gardiner's Island purchased and settled by Lion Gardiner. | 1876. | December, "Circassian" wrecked off coast of Bridge Hampton. Twenty-eight men drowned. |
| 1649. | East Hampton town settled. | 1879. | Montauk sold to Arthur W. Benson by the proprietors. |
| 1653. | East Hampton's first church erected. | 1885. | December 26, The EAST HAMPTON STAR founded. |
| 1657. | East Hampton united with the colony of Connecticut in an alliance for the purpose of counsel and defense. | 1886. | Clinton Academy remodelled into Clinton Hall. Completed April, 1887. |
| 1717. | Second church erected. | 1886. | November 7, East Hampton's first fire company organized. |
| 1747. | Town Trustees agreed to build Town Poor-House. | 1887. | November, George H. Hand, Jeremiah Huntting, Edward Dayton and E. M. Baker appointed as a committee to canvass the town to raise \$34,000 for the extension of the railroad from Bridge Hampton to East Hampton. |
| 1748. | March 1, Incorporation of the First Presbyterian Church Society of East Hampton. | 1890. | April 11, Hampton Lodge, No. 575, I. O. O. F., instituted. |
| 1772. | May 4, Stage line established between Brooklyn Ferry and Sag Harbor. | 1891. | September 12, Maidstone Club organized. |
| 1784. | Clinton Academy erected. | 1893. | October 16, Union School opened. |
| 1849. | Celebration of the 200th anniversary of the settlement of the town. | 1893. | Huntting Lane opened. |
| 1851. | August 22, Ship "Catharine" of Liverpool, from Dublin, with nearly 300 passengers went ashore at Amagansett. | 1894. | April, Gardiner's Island light abandoned. |
| 1854. | November 10, The French ship "Virgin Mary," loaded with emigrants, went ashore at the Highlands. | 1894. | December, Cedar Lawn Cemetery Association organized. |
| 1858. | February 22, "John Milton" went ashore at Montauk. | 1894. | December 27, Contract given for building of railroad from Bridge Hampton to Amagansett. |
| 1858. | St. Luke's Church built. | 1894. | Cornerstone St. Philomena's Roman Catholic Church laid. |
| 1859. | April 1, Daily stage line established between Amagansett and Sag Harbor, Jeremiah Baker, contractor. | 1895. | December 5, Ladies' Village Improvement Society organized. |
| 1860. | February 18, Cornerstone Amagansett Presbyterian Church laid. | 1895. | December 13, Extension of railroad from Bridge Hampton to Montauk completed. |
| 1860. | December 25, Telegraph communication established between Sag Harbor and East Hampton | 1895. | December 17, First passenger train run to Montauk. |
| 1861. | May 17, Liberty Pole erected in front of Samuel P. Gardiner's and Nathaniel Huntting's on Main Street.— May 21, Flag raised on new Liberty Pole. Speeches by the Rev. S. L. Mershon, John Wallace and Lawton S. Parsons. | 1897. | January, Odd Fellows' Hall dedicated. |
| 1861. | May 20, Amagansett Coast - Guard organized. | 1898-99. | East Hampton's biggest building boom. |
| | | 1899. | June, Public Water Works in East Hampton established. |
| | | 1899. | August 24, Celebration of the 250th anniversary of the settlement of the town. |

OFFICERS OF THE TOWN OF EAST
HAMPTON AT THE TIME OF
THE 250TH ANNIVERSARY.

SUPERVISOR :

George A. Miller.....Springs

TOWN CLERK :

Joseph S. OsborneEast Hampton

JUSTICES OF THE PEACE :

Josiah Dayton.....East Hampton

Hiram SherrillEast Hampton

John MulliganEast Hampton

Theodore D. Dimon.....Amagansett

George A. Miller.....Springs

COLLECTOR :

Lewis S. Parsons.....Amagansett

ASSESSORS :

DeWitt C. TalmageEast Hampton

George Schellinger.....Amagansett

John MulliganEast Hampton

COMMISSIONERS OF HIGHWAYS :

William A. HedgesEast Hampton

William M. Terry.....Amagansett

John S. Penney.....Springs

OVERSEERS OF THE POOR :

Frederick McCannEast Hampton

William H. Edwards.....Amagansett

CONSTABLES :

J. O. HoppingWainscott

John J. GayEast Hampton

Jos. M. EdwardsAmagansett

B. C. Talmage.....Springs

Joseph BassettSag Harbor

TOWN TRUSTEES :

Joseph S. Osborne, clerkEast Hampton

David G. Mulford.....East Hampton

Charles H. MayesEast Hampton

Frank H. TillinghastEast Hampton

Julius W. KingEast Hampton

Josiah E. LesterEast Hampton

John MulliganEast Hampton

George A. MillerSprings

Olin M. Edwards.....Sag Harbor

Emmett C. MillerAmagansett

John B. Strong.....Wainscott

Jeremiah P. Couklin.....Amagansett



7-11-19

